Saturday Review

JUNE 8, 1957 / 25¢

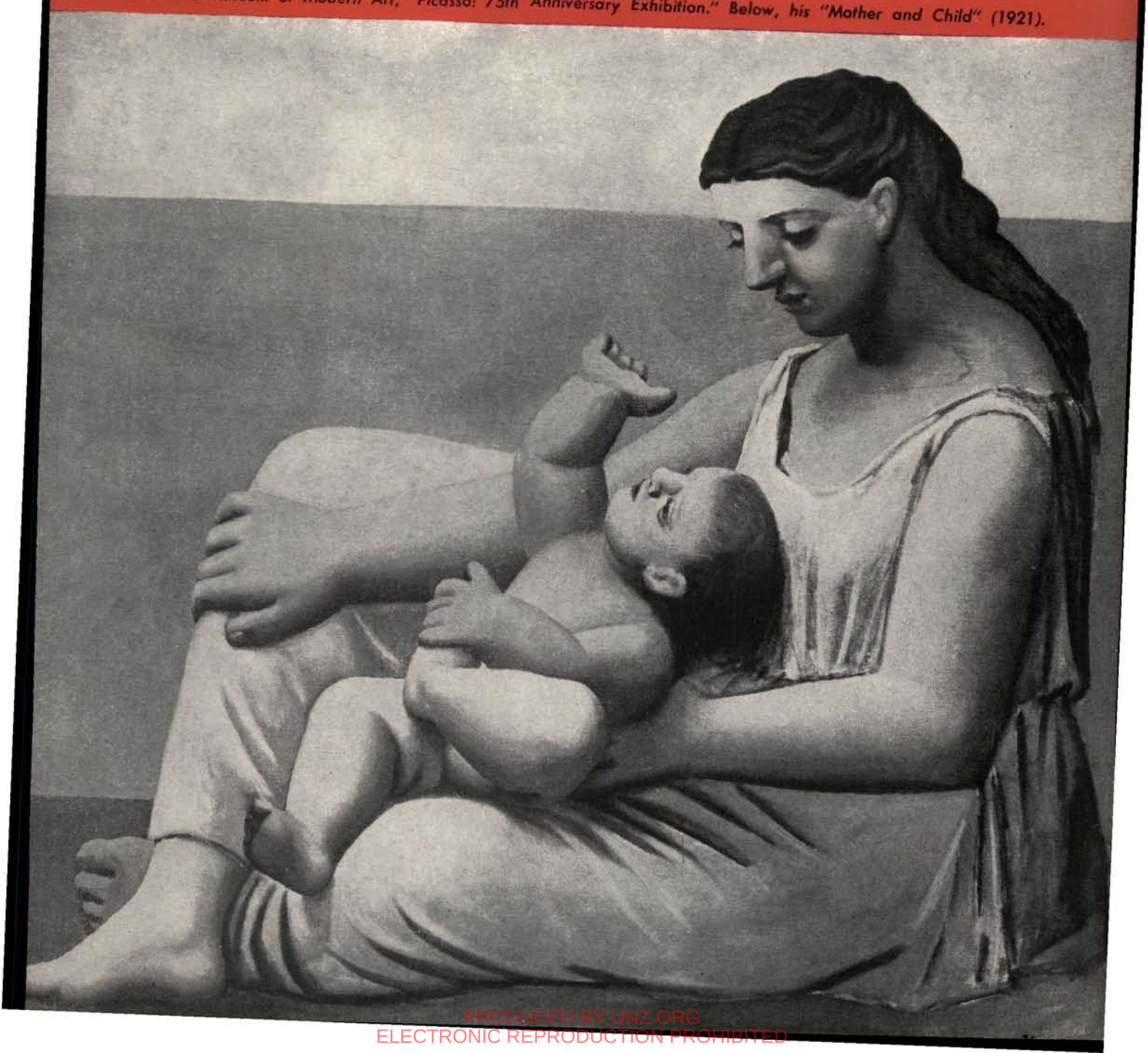
THE ISMS IN 1957

Seven Experts Define Our Verbal Politics

"DEAR SIR: I HAVE AN IDEA . . ."

By Allan Barnard

At New York's Museum of Modern Art, "Picasso: 75th Anniversary Exhibition." Below, his "Mother and Child" (1921).



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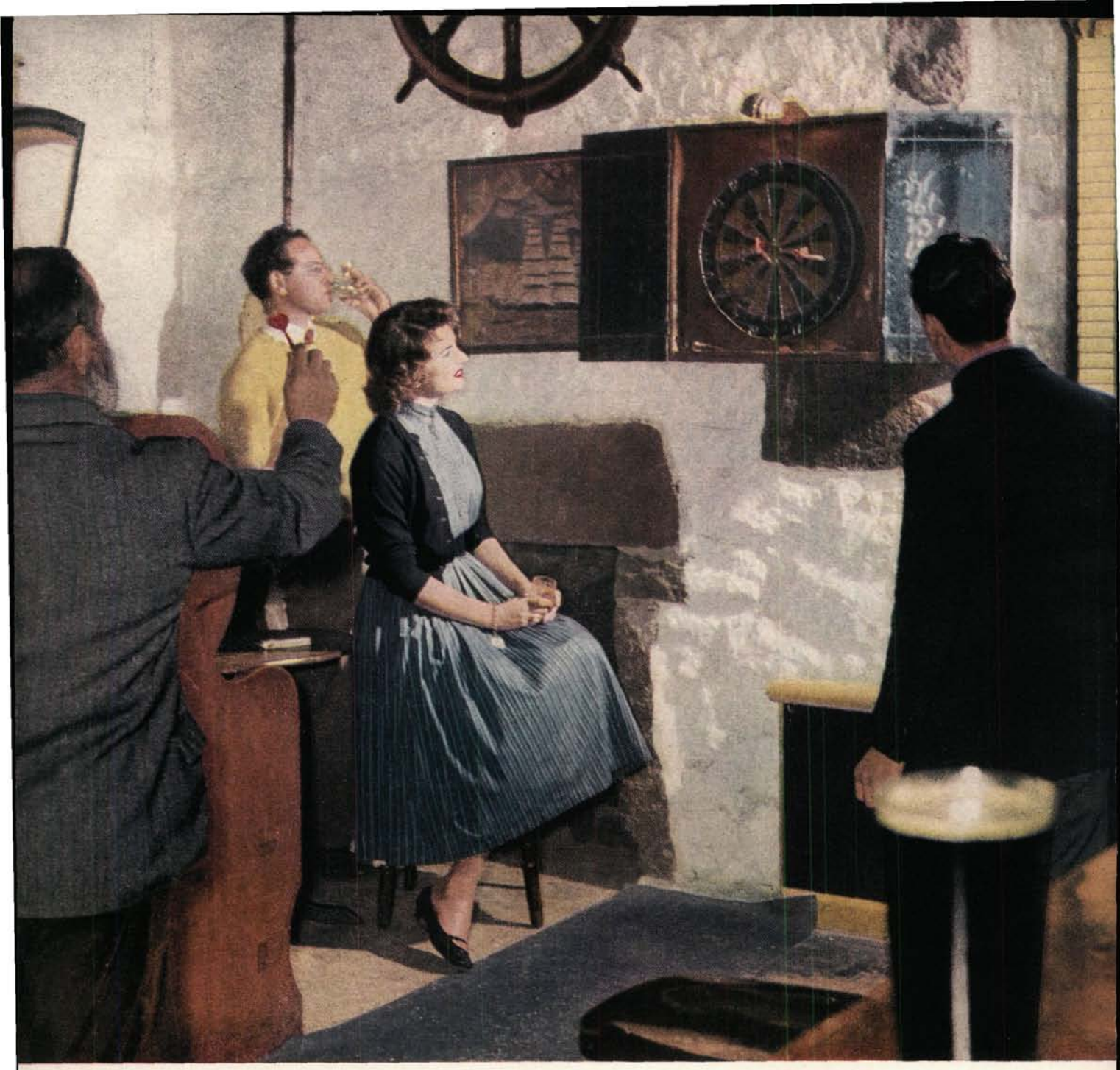

See you at the rub-a-dub down the frog-and-toad!

(Cockney invitation to the pub down the road)

A COCKNEY'S cheerful grin is easier to understand than his King's English. This happy breed has an ingenious slang which is a mystery to most of us. Here's a sixty-second course.

Roughly, you substitute a rhyming phrase for any familiar word. Thus: home becomes *Road-to-Rome;* kipper becomes *Jack-the-Ripper;* money becomes *Bees-and-honey*. But some rhymes are apt to change with the times. The bank recently became the *J. Arthur Rank!*

And that's not all. Cockneys often drop the last rhyme completely. Hat is *titfer* (short for tit-for-tat). Feet are *plates* (short for plates-of-meat).

If you're still puzzled, don't give up. Why not get on your plates, grab your titfer and see your travel agent?

He'll book you on a weasel-and-stoat (boat) or a sunshine-and-rain (plane). Remember, you can now get to Blighty *and back* for less than four hundred Oxford Scholars (your guess!).

Useful Cockney Glossary

WIFE . . . . *Trouble-and-strife*
SHOP . . . . *Lolly-pop*
CAB. . . . . *Flounder-and-dab*
TEA. . . . . *Rosie Lee*
DRINK. . . *Tumble-down-the-sink*
TABLE . . . *Cain-and-Abel*
SLEEP. . . . *Bo-peep*

For free illustrated literature, write British Travel Association Box 1+1 336 Madison Avenue, New York. In Canada: 90 Adelaide Street West, Toronto, Ontario.

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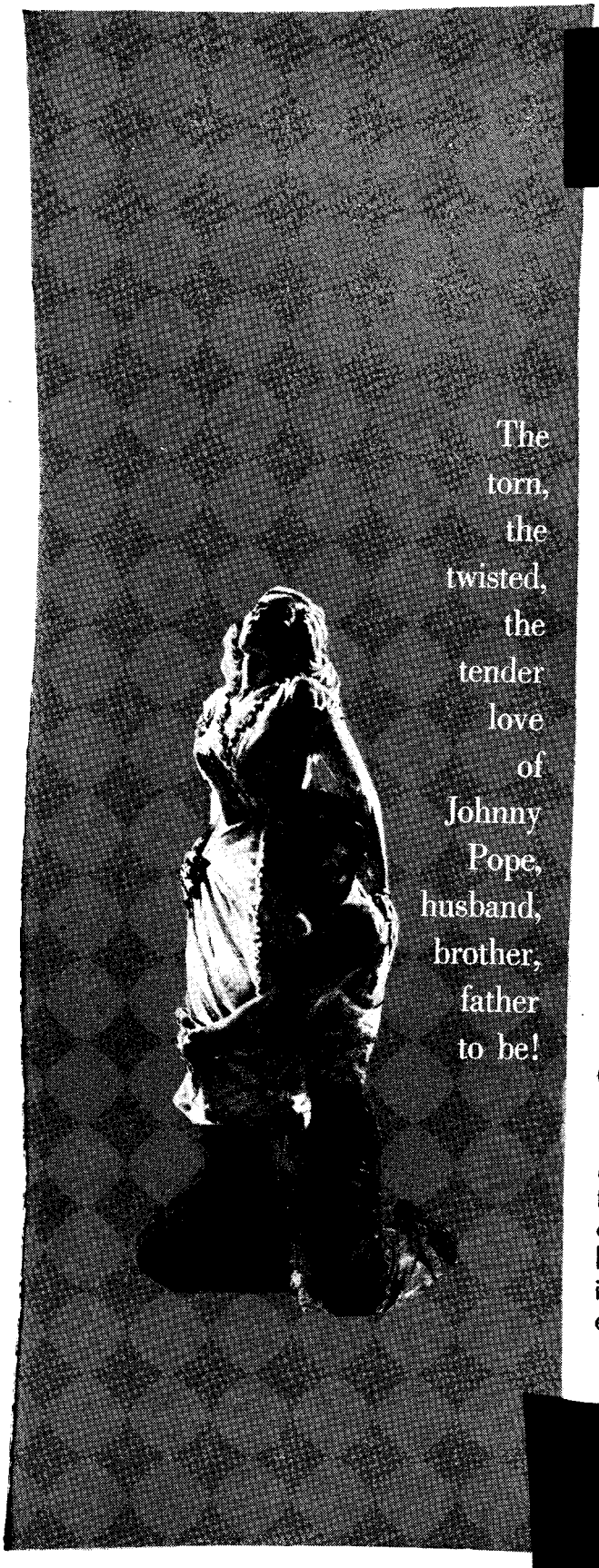


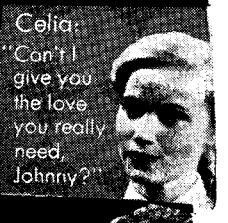
The torn, the twisted, the tender love of Johnny Pope, husband, brother, father to be!

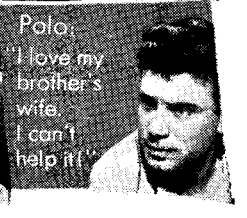
20th Century-Fox presents

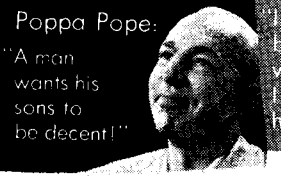
A HATEFUL OF RAIN

CINEMASCOPE

The Motion Picture that crosses a new boundary in screen entertainment!







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Based on the Play by Michael Vincente Gazzo • As Produced on the Broadway Stage by Jay Julien

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(Advertisement)

I have grown very tired of clever ads, the ads that have to be read and reread before you can tell what they are supposed to be advertising.

I am weary of men sitting on horses, perched in trees, riding in handcars. I am wearier still of men with beards, eyepatches and tattoos.

I am even bored with pictures of girls, emaciated girls striking odd poses with neckties or perfumes for men.

I am sick of ads written in bad English.

If I were an adman, I would start thinking about a return to the simple, straightforward approach.

For instance, if I were writing an ad for "The Turn of the Tide," I would describe it briefly: "A book written by Arthur Bryant, England's foremost historian, based upon the wartime diaries of Lord Alanbrooke, England's Chief of Staff."

I would say it was instructive ("An intimate view of the conduct of the war at the top level,") entertaining ("the most readable book to come out of World War II") and provocative ("containing candid portraits of such wartime leaders as Churchill, Roosevelt, Eisenhower, Marshall, Stalin and many others.")

I would point out how to save money ("copies bought by June 19 cost a dollar less") and I would say where it could be found ("at any bookseller.")

As the old Chinese proverb says: "The right word is worth a thousand wrong pictures."

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

"The Turn of the Tide" ($5.95 through June 19, $6.95 thereafter), is written by Sir Arthur Bryant, published by Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Ave., New York 22, and is a Book-of-the-Month Club selection. Copies may be obtained from your bookseller or at any of the 30 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 6315 York Road, Baltimore 12, Maryland.

The Saturday Review

JUNE 8, 1957

Cover photograph courtesy of Art Institute of Chicago

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If you are going to spend any part of this summer

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in a train
in an arm chair
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TRADE Winds

IF WE MAY BE SERIOUS a moment, we'd like to suggest that the school boards of this country could perform a signal service for education by abolishing the old hand-me-down system with respect to textbooks. It seems surprising that the wealthiest nation in the world has to give many of its children used and often embattled books. We believe in new books for each child—books he should be allowed to keep.

We're not psychologists, but we don't need any special training in this field to convince us that there's a direct connection between the interest a child takes in his subject and the condition of the book that will have to serve an important role in his education. Our own experience, we're certain, is not unique. On those rare occasions in grade or high school when we were lucky enough to be handed brand-new textbooks we had a real measure of pride in them and strong incentive for finding out what was inside them. Usually, however, we would have to work with food-stained, floppy copies, and it took determined effort to get out of them what we were supposed to get out of them.

How much use should a book have? When a book is used for a full term, carried around almost every day, with each page having to absorb a maximum of traffic, we believe the book has had it. After that, it should be made part of the child's library. This is a good time to give a young person the pride that comes from building a library. A student who knows that a book is his to keep, and that it is part of his growth, will have the kind of respect for it that is an essential part of a good education.

Perhaps the way to start is with some basic books. Perhaps there is a school board somewhere in the country that is willing to supply every schoolchild with a first-rate new dictionary and geography. See how it works out. Then, if the results are good, the board might want to expand the idea. Our hunch is that this might be one of the most economical things American education could do.

IN QUOTES: ► Comment by an envious author on the combined success of "The Caine Mutiny" and "Marjorie Morningstar": "All Wouk and no play makes jack."

► Sign on a hot-rod infested street: "Drive carefully—Parents!"

► Comment on a consistently-successful poker player: "He's got a guaranteed annual wager."

► Comment by one ten-year-old to another: "Don't get your father too upset. This is Mental Health Week."

► The title of Jack Cluett's new book for Doubleday, "How to Build an Orange Crate from Old Pieces of Furniture," brings to mind the "inversion" stories of similar ilk: a) The dog who went around man-tired. b) The canary who painted his cage human-yellow. c) The turtle who went around wearing people-necked sweaters. There *must* be others.

► A wife, complaining to an overindulged writer, called upstairs that the unabridged dictionary was too heavy for her to carry. "All right," yelled the writer. "Bring it up in two trips!"

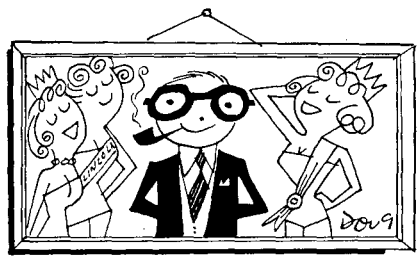
WE WENT INTO the vaulted chambers of Random House recently to call on its president, a gentleman who goes by the name of Mr. Bennett Cerf. We found him at his ample desk, toying earnestly with some cigarette boxes which we later learned were part of a promotion tie-in for Ayn Rand's new book, "Atlas Shrugged," slated for fall publication. As to the exact nature of the cigarette tie-in, we felt it might be a premature invasion of privacy to ask him, and therefore refrained. He also had on his desk several copies of Marjorie Housepian's "A Houseful of Love," which has all the signs of being one of the big books of the year.

Mr. Cerf was amiable, animated, responsive. He had just returned from a whirl around the country which obviously left him relaxed and refreshed.

"Hard to believe," he said, "that only a few days ago I had breakfast at 7:50, took my eleven-year-old Johnny to school in New York, hopped a plane, and arrived in San Francisco at 2:25 the same afternoon. Met Jim Russell, our West Coast representative, did a spot on the San Francisco booksellers' television show at four that afternoon, then went on to dinner with Russell, Bill Hogan, Herb Caen, Luther Nichols, Walter Clark, and Greg Solon—and a bunch of the prettiest girls I've seen in a long time. Also had time to consume a box of caramels from Blum's, their caramels being a particular weakness of mine."

Our eyes were diverted for a moment by a picture of Mr. Cerf surrounded by three unquestionably well-formed young ladies in bathing suits. The picture stood out in sharp contrast to the handsome bookshelves housing the entire Modern Library and the rest of the typographically-striking Random House books.

"Oh, that," he said, noticing the starry appreciation of our eyes for the photograph. "That's a picture of me with Miss Nebraska, Miss Dairy Maid, and Miss Lincoln. They met me



at the airport when I arrived to speak at the University of Nebraska —and even an unexpected blizzard didn't prevent these young ladies from showing up in bathing suits as scheduled."

The girls were there, it turned out, to prove to John Daly of "What's My Line" that Nebraska was mild and gentle in climate. When the blizzard struck they went through with it anyway.

On our way down the marble stairs of the gracious hallway we couldn't help mumbling to ourselves:

"By George, this fellow Cerf is wasting his time. He ought to be writing a column."

A. C. SPECTORSKY, whose book "The Exurbanites" caused a few red faces in Fairfield County, and whose "Book of the Sea," "Book of the Mountains," and "Book of the Air" have become permanent gift items, reports a favorite story.

"Fellow in our office," he writes, "claimed to have the most beautiful wife in the world. Ravishing. His boss got tired of hearing about her, went to his house for dinner just to check up on her. He found the wife had one eye in the middle of her forehead, three arms, one leg, and green hair. He was shocked, of course, and demanded to know why there had been so much bragging about this woman's beauty. The husband shrugged, explained the whole thing:

"'Either you like Picasso, or you don't.'"

IF YOU'VE BRUSHED UP your clipped accent enough recently, you might make a visit to the British Book Center at 122 East 55th Street in New York. Here you may run into Manager David Hales, who makes ruddy sure that, through him, you can get almost any British book in print.

You'll find also charm, quaintness, and atmosphere, all fostered by Mr.

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Hales in the finest of British tradition.

"Our clientele is mainly American, of course, though we do have a rum share of British and Continental transients who can get many books here no one else stocks," he told us.

"We left the garden door open one time on a coolish day," Mr. Hales said. "And I overheard one lady say: 'They're so British here they even have to have a draft'."

"Another lady came in," he went on, "looking for books on flying saucers and whispered to one of our clerks: 'I'm really from Outer Space myself, you know.'

"I was ruddy proud of our girl. She simply said: 'How nice. Do make yourself comfortable and browse about, won't you'?"

We found a Yankee customer, who identified himself as Allan Sherman, attempting to figure out the price on five golf books, and obviously distraught about the situation.

"How in the devil," he was muttering. "How in the devil do I figure out how much I'm going to spend on these damn books, when they're all listed in shillings and sixpence!"

IT IS UNRELIABLY REPORTED that a gentleman walking down Fifth Avenue was joined recently by an unknown lady who, matching him stride for stride, peered fixedly at his head. After three or four moments she asked, "I beg your pardon, but are you wearing a toupee?"

"No, indeed," replied the gentleman truthfully. "I do not wear a toupee."

The persistent woman continued to dog his steps. She addressed him again: "Are you sure?"

"Yes, lady. I am sure."

By this time our friend began to lengthen his stride, in the hope of escaping further questions, and the lady made her last desperate gambit: "Are you *really* sure?"

"All right," said the exasperated man, who figured that getting rid of the pest was worth any lie. "I *am* wearing a toupee."

"How strange!" exclaimed the lady. "No one could ever tell."

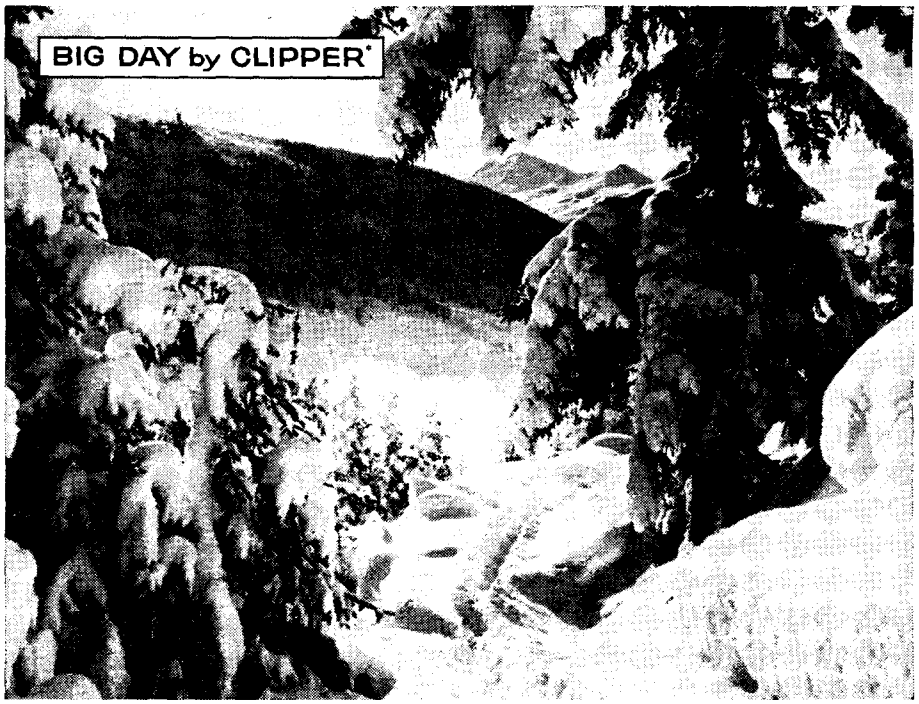
—JOHN G. FULLER.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1210)

H. SMITH:
CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

(Editorial, *Saturday Review*, April 13, 1957)

For a time in his college days he hung "in tender equilibrium" among various possibilities, enamoured of mathematics and physics and the charms of integral calculus. When he fell under "the superlative spell of R. L. Stevenson," the die was cast.



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Santiago	21 hrs.	$77 down
Johannesburg	39 hrs.	$103† down

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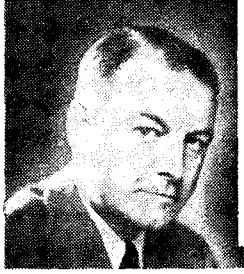

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—Saturday Review

"Discriminating and revealing"
—New York Times

$6.50

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Fifth Annual Awards

TWO GRAND PRIZES—NOT JUST ONE AS BEFORE—PLUS 21 OTHER VALUABLE PRIZES AWAIT THE WINNERS OF SR'S 1957 WORLD TRAVEL PHOTOGRAPHIC AWARDS.

East Is East and West Is West

AND THE TWAIN MEET IN A CAMERA

For the first time there will be Two Grand Prizes—not just one as heretofore—in Saturday Review's Fifth annual World Travel Photographic Awards.

There will be a Grand Prize for the outstanding color picture.

There will be a Grand Prize for the outstanding black-and-white picture.

1957's Grand Prize winner for color will enjoy a never-to-be-forgotten flight across the Pacific to the colorful Orient, taking off from San Francisco for romantic Hawaii and exotic Japan.

1957's Grand Prize winner for black-and-white will fly across the Atlantic from New York to London for a memorable visit to the lovely land of Shakespeare and Queen Elizabeth, the gateway to all of Europe.

These round-trip flights across the two great oceans, east and west, should provide the Grand Prize winners with a fresh treasure of memories and pictures.

There will be twenty-three awards in all for Saturday Review readers who have taken unusual pictures, in either color or black-and-white, during vacation or business trips abroad or at home during the past year.

Award-winning photographs will again be featured in The Saturday Review's annual World Travel Calendar issue. *The next Calendar, to appear January 11, 1958, will report* forthcoming events of major importance to tourists during the coming year in fifty countries.

The Calendar will be fully illustrated by the World Travel Awards photographs, with many pages devoted to the award-winning pictures. The Grand Prize winner in color will be reproduced on the cover of the January 11th issue, while the Grand Prize winner in black-and-white will be featured prominently in the Calendar itself.

The Awards pictures will be chosen by the following judges, all distinguished in the field of photography:

Norris Harkness—Past President, Photographic Society of America, syndicated columnist, and leading authority on photography.

Ivan Dmitri—leading color and magazine photographer.

Leopold Godowsky—Co-Inventor of Kodachrome.

John Morris—Executive Editor of the famous world-wide photographic service, Magnum.

Read THE SATURDAY REVIEW regularly for additional Award news.

The important thing is to read the complete rules below, and start sending in your entries now, either color or black-and-white.

Deadline for entries is October 31, 1957. Send your entries on or before that date to:

PHOTO AWARDS

The Saturday Review

25 WEST 45TH STREET, NEW YORK 36, N. Y.

Should the Grand Prize winners prefer some other trip than the ones outlined above, the equivalent for one or two persons can be arranged on request.

Award Rules

1. The contest is strictly for amateur photographers. Anyone is eligible except employees of THE SATURDAY REVIEW, members of their families, and individuals who personally, or any members of whose families, are engaged in the manufacture, sale, commercial finishing, or professional use of photographic goods.

2. Pictures must have been taken after July 1, 1956, during a trip away from home for either holiday or business purposes.

3. Black-and-white photographs

a. Prints must be submitted in glossy prints no larger than 8 x 10, unmounted.

b. On the back of the photograph must appear: name, age, and address of photographer; make of camera and film used in taking the picture; date and place it was shot.

c. Developing and printing may be done by a photo-finisher or the entrant. No black and white prints from color transparencies will be accepted. No composite pictures such as multiple printing or montages are eligible. No art-work or retouching on prints or negatives from which they are made is permitted.

d. No negatives should be submitted, but original negatives must be available when called for.

e. No prints will be returned.

4. Color photographs

a. Original mounted color *transparencies* must be submitted (preferably mounted in metal or cardboard, not glass).

b. Color prints are not eligible.

c. The same data must be given as specified above for black-and-white prints and should be written directly on each mount.

d. Color stereos are eligible. Only one transparency need be sent.

e. Transparencies not awarded prizes will be returned to entrant only if accompanied by return postage.

5. THE SATURDAY REVIEW assumes no responsibility for negatives, prints or color transparencies, but reserves the right to publish within its own pages as part of the Awards competition any pictures submitted, whether winners or not.

6. To enter the contest, mail no more than six black-and-white prints and/or six color transparencies to this magazine's WORLD TRAVEL PHOTOGRAPHIC AWARDS DEPARTMENT. All pictures must be postmarked no later than October 31, 1957, to be eligible for judging. **IMPORTANT: NO MORE THAN TWELVE PICTURES, SIX IN EACH CATEGORY, CAN BE SUBMITTED BY ANY ONE ENTRANT.**

7. Pictures will be judged on photographic quality and originality in choice and treatment of subject. The decision of the judges will be final.

8. Before receiving a final prize, the entrant must sign a statement that his picture, or any closely similar picture of the same subject or situation, has not been and will not be entered by him in any photographic contest other than the one conducted by this magazine, and has not been and will not be offered for publication in any manner. Winning black-and-white pictures and color transparencies become the property of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

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The Saturday Review
JUNE 8, 1957

—From George Grosz's "A Little Yes and a Big No" (Dial).

THE ISMS IN 1957

EDITOR'S NOTE: *More interesting than the inevitable changes in the meanings of words is their tenacious hold on the affections. Hard knocks and hot blood may drain a word of its grammatical precision without even denting its serviceability as a weapon. People keep on dealing in words that lexicographers gave up on decades before. Elections are lost because of* Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion. Communism, *in particular, is a fighting word for both its protagonists and antagonists. Who can be sure that it refers to Marx's crazy dialectics, modern Russian statism, "godless materialism" or something else? To a few of our most familiar slogans we have committed ourselves so intensely that a candidate cannot afford even the attempt to define them, for fear he will give the impression that by so doing he calls them into question.*

As a small contribution to cooler passions and sharper definitions The Saturday Review *has asked seven well-known writers to take a fresh look at the verbal armament of the twentieth-century, the "isms," in the hope that when we form a clear idea of what we're talking about we may win through to what we want.*

FASCISM

One of the liveliest and most controversial of living historians, Professor Taylor of Magdalen (Oxford) is the author of "The Habsburg Monarchy," "The Course of German History," "The Struggle for Mastery in Europe," and many other studies. He is also a regular and popular British TV-performer.

By A. J. P. TAYLOR

THE oddest thing about Fascism nowadays is that even its advocates have to pretend to be ashamed of it. Fascism has become a dirty word; and a speech in its favor can be identified at once by the unfailing phrase: "Of course I have no sympathy with Fascism but . . ." We have to make do with less branded words like totalitarianism, authoritarianism, demagogy, and so on. It will save a lot of trouble when Fascism gets back into currency.

Fascism is a disease of democracy or at any rate of the mass-age. Dictatorship alone is not Fascism if it relies simply on force and has no popular backing. Fascism demands a mass-party where a few self-chosen leaders control a body of disciplined followers drawn from the disgruntled elements of society. Here is the starting-point of Fascism: a sense of grievance, social, political, national, even personal, it really does not matter what. But the psychology of resentment must be there; and if the resentment is unfounded so much the better. A Fascist party exists to express emotions, not to achieve results. Its program is a mere rigmarole of high-sounding phrases; and if any of its aims are in fact achieved then others equally irrelevant have to be hastily fished up. Hence the futility of concession or appeasement to a Fascist party or country. Indeed, concession aggravates the resentment by exposing its irrational basis. Fascism has to be kept on the boil by parades and uniforms. Its demonstrations release pent-up emotions and, at the same time, generate fresh ones rather as an

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atomic reactor turns out more power than it consumes. The demonstrations must threaten violence. Later they must apply violence against some element felt to be outside the Fascist community—Jews, Slavs, colored peoples. The actual choice of the victim has no practical sense. Hatred and persecution are practised for their own sake.

Fascist leaders are concerned only with power. Usually indeed they claim to be serving some national cause and boast of their patriotism. But this nationalism is not essential; and the few avowed survivors of Fascism now present themselves as having been "good Europeans" before NATO and the rest of it were ever thought of. Fascists will use any ideological cover so long as it brings them nearer to dominance over others. What do Fascist leaders do with their power when they get it? Mainly they destroy the obstacles to its unrestricted exercise. Fascists hate the Christian churches, the law courts, the trade unions, not as rivals but simply as brakes. They have nothing to put in the place of these institutions. Fascist law is merely the rule of the stronger. Fascist creeds are a jumble of dark emotions, incoherently expressed. Fascist morals, too, simply provide unlimited sexual gratification for males whose appetites are usually greater than their powers.

Is Fascism necessarily anti-Socialist or even anti-Communist? In the days when Hitler was coming to power much play was made with the idea that Fascism was the last defense of a declining capitalism. As a matter of fact, capitalism seems to get along much better in a sensible democratic community. It is true that the rich retain their riches in a Fascist state and even add to them. Probably the capitalist classes in Germany and Italy are still proportionately better off than their counterparts elsewhere as the result of Fascist rule. But though the capitalists keep their wealth, they lose their power just like everyone else; and as individuals they are equally exposed to the irrational tyranny of the Fascist bosses. Many German magnates had time to decide in a concentration camp that they had been ill-advised to finance Hitler.

Other writers turn the analysis upside down and make out that Fascism and Communism are indistinguishable. This is an unnecessary confusion. Fascism sometimes parodies Communism just as it parodies almost everything else; but it lacks the practical economic aims which make Communism a rational, though materialistic, creed. What Fascists like in socialist measures is the power they offer, not the results they produce. Where socialists, let us say, might advocate rationing in order to secure fair shares, Fascists rejoice in the regimentation involved.

A final point is often ignored. Even Fascist leaders cannot be irrational all the time. If they were, they would be certified and locked up before they had started on their political career. Since, by definition, they have no rational principles, they are wholly selfish in their sane moments. There is no example on record of an honest Fascist leader. All of them—Hitler, Mussolini, their followers and imitators without exception—grabbed at wealth as well as power. When you find a political community in which all the leaders are corrupt, you may guess that it is on the way to Fascism. Indeed, Fascists in power (or out of it) plunder on such a gigantic scale that one is tempted to believe that they are rational after all—cheats and swindlers, not psychopaths. But this is wrong. Fascism is the irrational made vocal; and therefore any attempt to reduce it to rational terms defeats itself.

CAPITALISM

Now an executive of the McCann-Erickson Advertising Company, Mr. Gordon has had a long career as an independent businessman and essayist on the philosophy of business.

By WATSON GORDON

CAPITALISM is not what it used to be. Or else my dictionary is misleading me. My dictionary states that capitalism is an economic system in which capital and capitalists play the principal parts: a system the operation of which is entrusted to private enterprise and control under competitive conditions. Either this dictionary is farther out-of-date than I believe it to be or those who compile information for dictionaries don't get around much in political and business circles. It could be, too, that they don't read the newspapers.

In the interest of bringing ourselves up-to-date on capitalism, let's take a look at a few recent quotes in the newspapers. In February of this year Mr. Eisenhower warned that unless business and labor used restraints to reinforce the Government's efforts to curb inflation, the Government would have to impose price and wage controls. The President made it clear that he did not want controls. "A controlled economy," he is reported to have said, "is not the America we know, but any intelligent man can see the direction we will have to go unless there is some wisdom exercised not only in government but throughout the whole economy."

A note of agreement came from the National Association of Manufacturers, though it seemed to shift the burden of responsibility slightly. A spokesman for this association was quoted in the *Times* as follows: "Blanket wage-price controls such as the President seems to threaten would create a state-controlled economy in America." The spokesman said that the NAM agreed with the President that the wage-price spiral must be stopped in the long-range interest of labor, management, and the American people. He proposed "thrifty government, maintenance of conditions favorable to a free market, and control of monopolistic powers of large national unions which permit the unions to demand and get unwarranted wage increases and other benefits."

Now, what has become of the cheerful self-confidence of *laissez-faire* we used to be told capitalism depends upon? We can see that what has happened to it is partly management's own doing. Back shortly after the beginning of the century management began to experiment with mass production and the production line, operations in which the individual was subordinated to the group action. It was only a step from this practice to group-solidarity and group-consciousness in relation to working conditions and wages.

At the present time this sort of group operation extends all through industry—from the inception of manufacture to assembly, from the delivery door to the receiving door of the buyer, from the office of the sales-manager to the office or home of the prospect, from the start of a research project through the laboratory to completion or abandonment, from the office of the manager through all the processes of accounting and billing, and on a broader basis all the way from unskilled labor to scientists and engineers.

These developments have been a setup for the labor leader; he is no longer just a leader of individuals, he is a leader of groups fully aware of the power which can be wielded through group-solidarity. The benefits to workers have been tremendous, though they do not, of course, make up completely for the loss of individual stature and independence.

Don't misunderstand me. Management has had its share of cream through bonuses, both cash and stock, to say nothing of huge salaries. Even

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though the net buys surprisingly few potatoes, the gross sets the pattern for retirement provisions. The lower echelons too have not suffered. They have shared a few full pints of the cream. But now we face a new situation, the wage-price spiral threatens not only present benefits but the geriatric slippers and hammock as well. Pension plans, as well as savings, can be knocked out by inflation.

To return to my initial struggle with the dictionary. Capitalism is not what it used to be. It has outgrown the individual. It is possible that it also has outgrown both management and the labor leader. If these things are so, the day may have arrived for a new sort of pioneering in this country: state-control of the economy. This experiment might not be as dangerous as it first appears. This is still a democracy. The people can wipe the slate clean any time such a move seems desirable and start over. I leave the matter in your hands.

NATIONALISM

Professor of history at the College of the City of New York since 1949, Dr. Kohn is best known for many studies on the growth of nationalism around the world. His most recent work is "Making the Modern French Mind."

By HANS KOHN

NATIONALISM has meant different things at different times to different peoples, but it can claim today to be a worldwide force, the first worldwide force in history to which the peoples of all continents pay homage and loyalty. Nationalism has everywhere implied an activization of the people and the demand for a new ordering of society, but it has not simplified or facilitated the task of creating a cohesive and cooperative human society. Its stress upon national sovereignty and cultural distinctiveness strangely coincides with the growth of technological and economic global interdependence. If nationalism is not tempered by the liberal spirit of tolerance and compromise, or the humanitarian universalism of a non-political religion, it presents the most deeply divisive force of modern civilization.

Originally, nationalism stressed the rights of the individual against one's own government, the blessings of a free constitution. It was even compatible with the belief in a common or universal civilization. But this temper changed with the nineteenth century, especially in central and eastern Europe. A new nationalism glorified diversity of tongues and the uniqueness of each nationality. Liberty began to mean not individual freedom but national independence and national "greatness." After the wars against Napoleon, Goethe, who was rooted in the eighteenth century, rejected national hatred, then widespread in Germany: "You will always find it strongest and most violent," he told Eckermann, "where there is the lowest degree of culture. But there exists a degree of culture where national antagonism vanishes altogether, and where one stands, so to speak, above nations, and feels the weal or woe of a neighboring people as if it had happened to one's own. This degree of culture was conformable to my nature." Little did Goethe foresee that in the new age of nationalism men of culture would assume the task not of combatting national hatreds but of finding semi-rational and semi-mystical justifications for despising one's neighbors.

After 1848 in Europe, and later in other continents too, nationalism proved stronger than liberalism. The desire for collective might and emotional passions triumphed over considerations of individual liberty and humanitarianism. Before 1848 many nationalists had hoped that the triumph of nationalism would usher in a period of firm constitutional liberty, of lasting peace, and of fraternal association of the "liberated" peoples. The age, however, which began with the wars of Italian and German unification and which culminated in the two world wars turned out different. It was an era of self-centered nationalism and of growing nationalist conflicts. World War I, originating in nationalistic conflicts and ambitions, raised nationalism to feverish heat; it grew to that malignancy which became known as Fascism and which sacrificed individual liberty and regard for the interests of "alien" nations to an exclusive national self-interest and self-glorification.

There is no doubt that in many parts of the world "nationalism" had to come. But the "liberation" of nationalities and the creation of new nation-states hardly are the replies to the crying need for greater respect for all individuals and for a strengthening of peace. Nationalities released from what they believed oppression or persecution have often turned oppressors and persecutors themselves. The "underdog" of yesterday easily developed a "master-race" mind. Innumerable disputes about frontiers have sprung up among the new nation-states. Liberated nationalities have felt often profoundly hostile to each other and their mutual animosities and jealousies hindered their political and economic cooperation. National independence and sovereignty, multiplied and sanctified in the age of nationalism, have not turned out to be reliable formulas for greater individual freedom or for more secure international peace.

The solution is not, of course, a return to the former status of inequality between individuals, classes, or peoples, nor can it be found in the continuation of the present order of nationalism and nation-states. It can be found only in an advance toward federation, toward the creation of binational or multi-national states uniting several nationalities and several religions on the basis of equality and tolerance. The English-speaking peoples have pioneered with federal and multiethnic solutions. The United States is a republic of many republics and a people of many peoples. In the United Kingdom, peoples with sharply-defined individuality have learned to live together in greater or lesser harmony. In the Commonwealth, the English have expanded this concept—peoples of different historical backgrounds and traditions, preserving their cultural personality and yet cooperating politically and economically—far beyond the British Isles. Everywhere today the future of freedom and of mankind depends on our ability to de-emphasize nationalism and disintensify its emotional appeal.

LIBERALISM

Professor Schlesinger of Harvard is a most active and persuasive liberal himself, a member of Americans for Democratic Action, and an erstwhile speechwriter for Adlai Stevenson. Primarily, however, he is a historian of the first rank: author of "The Age of Jackson," "The General and the President" (with Richard H. Rovere), and the recent "The Crisis of the Old Order."

By A. M. SCHLESINGER, JR.

IN ITS broad sense, liberalism is the philosophy of a free society. It is the faith that the purpose of society is to foster the growth of the individual in freedom, dignity, and responsibility. And obviously, in this

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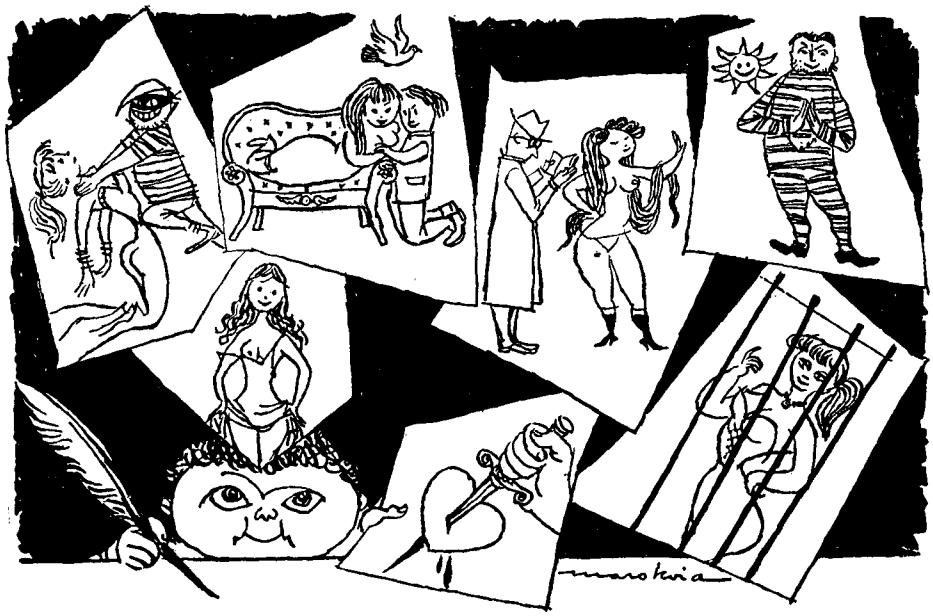
broad sense, liberalism is the property of all those who believe in free society, whether they conceive themselves, in the narrower sense, "liberals" or "conservatives." But this narrower sense provides the tough question of definition. How, among those sharing the common faith in liberty under law, can one distinguish those who style themselves "conservatives" from those who style themselves "liberals"?

The critical difference between conservative and liberal, in my judgment, lies in the contrasting attitude toward change. "The castle which conservatism is set to defend," said Emerson, "is the actual state of things, good and bad." Against this view the liberal urges the wisdom, the feasibility and, indeed, the inevitability of change. The conservative supposes that human contrivance is so treacherous a guide that efforts at purposeful change will always produce more grief than good. The liberal, while he does not (if he is sensible) believe in the perfectibility of man or the infallibility of reason, does contend that the application of the human intelligence to social problems can improve individual opportunity and security. The conservative is the traditionalist: the liberal, the pragmatist.

Note that I say that the liberal is the pragmatist. The liberal's greatest danger is not to understand this about himself and to conceive himself instead as the rationalist. In Europe the liberal has tended too often to identify reality with doctrine and ideology, and liberalism in consequence has become committed to a system of thought popular in Manchester a century ago and, in major respects, hopelessly irrelevant to the mid-twentieth century. But the tradition of American liberalism has been skeptical and empirical. It has thus made successfully the transition from the classical liberalism of laissez-faire economics to the social liberalism of the welfare society—from Adam Smith to Keynes, from Jefferson to Franklin Roosevelt.

This shift from classical liberalism to social liberalism has been, it must be emphasized, a shift in methods, not in objectives. The contemporary liberal believes as strongly as Jefferson and Madison that the object of civil society is to promote life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. He believes with them that a free state requires a wide distribution of economic ownership; and he agrees that the task of statesmanship is to regulate the "various and conflicting interests" and subordinate them to the public interest. But in the predominantly agricultural society of the eighteenth century it was thought that these objectives could best be achieved with a weak

(*Continued on page 37*)



"DEAR SIR: I HAVE AN IDEA . . ."

By ALLAN BARNARD, *managing editor, Dell Books.*

AS ANYONE who has ever labored in publishing can affirm, from time to time an amusing—always unsolicited—letter passes onto an editor's desk offering a pleasant if brief respite from the daily routine. It usually comes from a would-be author with a marvelous idea for a book and sometimes is clipped to a bulky, dirt-stained manuscript—rarely accompanied by the proper return postage. Occasionally the letter contains a red-hot tip on a published book that's a natural for one's reprint list. Or it can be an expression of enthusiasm for a book one's house has just published.

I have gotten into the habit of holding on to some of the more remarkable of these letters, reluctant to let them pass into the obscurity of the files. May I share a few of them with your readers?

The following came from a Southern gentleman:

"Dear Sirs, I am sending you a copy of 'Blue Blood and Red,' a story I wrote, which was published just after 'Gone with the Wind' so my book did not get a good start. Should you care to publish the story, you have my permission without royalties, just send me books to give to my relatives and friends. Should we be able to get some movie producer to take it, we can divide what they pay us for same."

Sometimes letter writers are something less than precise about just what it is they are selling, as in the case of one I received lately from an army sergeant, but this man knew exactly what he was angling for:

"Dear Sir, If you will pardon my brashness, I would like to let you know that a thought has been bothering me for the last few days. Maybe it's the strain of being in debt that brought it on, but if you think that it may help you in any way, I'm sure that you will do the same for me some time in the near future. Now, when I was serving a tour of duty in Germany in 1948, I happened to run across and read a book, which I'm sure if your outfit reprinted in pocket edition size at a reasonable price, it would be a best seller, right on top with Mickey Spillane. The name of the book is 'The Love Orchid.' I'm sorry I can't help you by remembering the author, but it seems it was translated into English from some other European language, which may be French. I'm not sure. Please don't think that I'm trying to impose on you in anyway. It's just that I think a lot of people would enjoy reading the book. Of course, I understand that it will have to pass the censor's as some of the incidents are pretty detailed and strongly pertaining to sex. If nothing comes of this where you can't help me in return (especially financially), that's too bad, but I wish that you would trace down the book and read it personally. I'm sure that you would enjoy it as much as a bunch of the boys in my outfit did. Please

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answer this letter and let me know what you have decided to do. Please be frank as I'm sure I won't be insulted if you take the opposite viewpoint. . . . I'm sure that if you reprint 'The Love Orchid' it will sell like hot cakes among the service personnel."

WHILE I'm on the subject of censorship, here are fragments (only fragments, alas) of a letter addressed to an author whose book we had reprinted years ago; since the author had died—and had no agent—the letter remains on my desk.

"Dear ———, I just finished reading your book ————, I'll probably read it again sometime soon. Before I was halfway through, I knew I would write its author. Honestly, it 'cleansed' me. You've made me quite conscious of tenderness and that there are things in this world besides 'sex' (something that occupies two thirds of my thinking). You've taught me tenderness, not that I wasn't tender before, but you have shown me the joy in it.

"My beliefs have been somewhat paganistic. Since thirst, hunger, love, sex, shelter (warmth and dryness), and self preservation are basic drives, I would feel no guilt in seducing virgins. I would feel as if I am doing them a favor; teaching them a part of love so they'll know the wonder of being alive. But, through your book, I feel a little squirmish; I've learned the charms and loveliness of loving is greater than 'carving my initials on bedposts' (if you'll allow me to coin that phrase).

"You must be an interesting fellow. Really, some parts of the book were so moving they sneaked up on me. Some parts were extremely philosophical.

"Tomorrow I'll be twenty-one and I'm a mixed up, crazy kid. I've thought of writing, but I need much more education. And as I have thought of writing, so have I thought of acting, painting, music, and a million other professions. I really have a huge craving for art of all types. A passion for acting will not leave me alone, but actors are too precarious if they aren't very successful. My mind is like the wind, it keeps changing. I think I'll find myself when I get into college.

"I've lived in New York most of my life. I'm Spanish and Italian descent. I too, like the hero of your book, was taught the facts of life by an older woman. I knew women in many countries, but this one taught me passion. There's no future with her, but I'm miserable without her. She lives in the same apartment building so it's impossible for me to keep away from her. And like Oscar Wilde said: 'The best way to fight temptation is to yield to it.'

"Her husband's a swell guy, comes over every day to take care of the kid. He doesn't know about us.

"If you have gotten this far in the letter and it hasn't been thrown in the wastepaper basket then I'll be happy. You're not obligated to answer, you're probably a busy man. But should you write, the treasured epistle would be welcomed with happiness. And please, this has been bothering me, Do you write for money? What I mean is do you write for the money alone or for art's sake or is it art and money or is it in your vains, where you just got to write? . . ."

Finally, here's a synopsis of a projected novel that came in the mail:

"Dear Sir, This is to inform you that I have a novel which I'd like to submit for your consideration and (I hope) your subsequent purchase. It is my first; nevertheless, I believe you will find it engrossing and different. A friend with a broad knowledge of literature (novels, specifically) tells me that it is well written. I am hopeful that you will agree. Here is a concise outline of the plot, in hope that said outline will influence your compliance with my request.

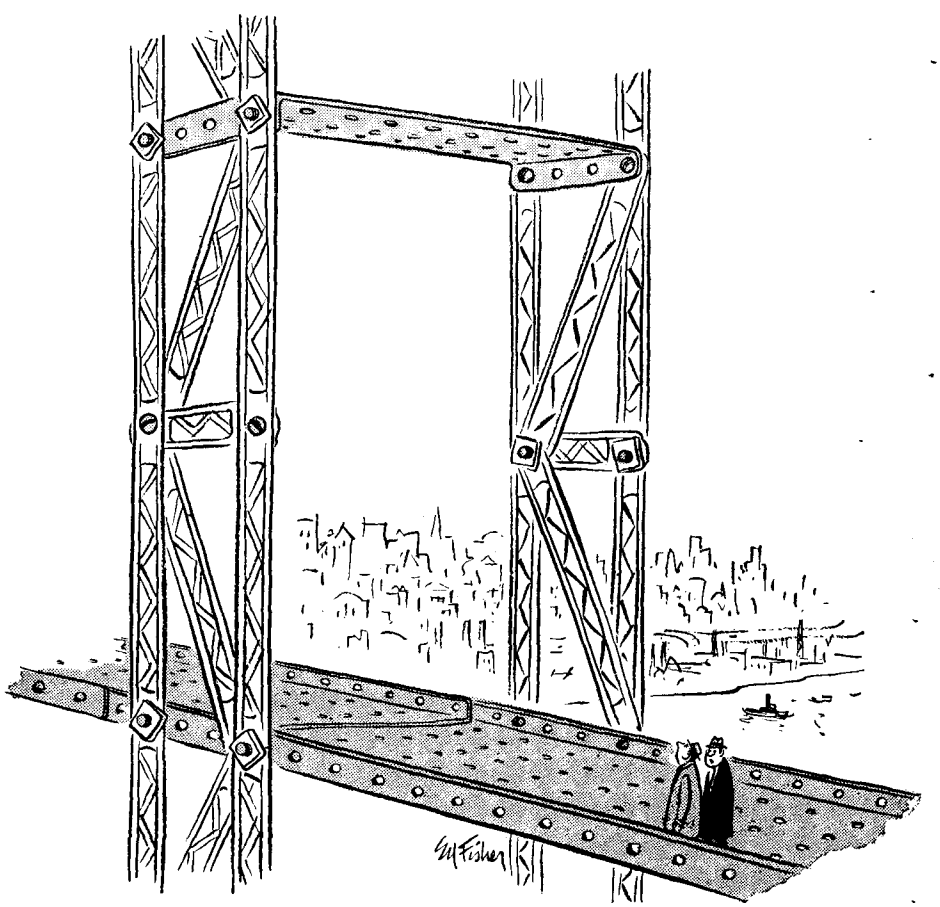
"The Rev. Rex Gorham had a varied background—Judo expert, Marine, Ladies' man nonpareil. In the past he'd swept victoriously through a legion of female hearts. Blonde Celeste had called him 'Major-League Lover' but she and all the rest had been merely 'sparring partners'—Rex met a 'Main-Event' gal named Marylyne. A gorgeous face, an incendiary walk, a lush curvy body which ignited the senses of every man who saw her—this was Marylyne Lee. But there were a couple of hitches: she was supposedly frigid as Alaska and she was an ex-convict!!

"Love for Prisoner & Preacher? . . . This is their delightful story.

"Mr. Editor, in my novel, which I have named 'Marylyne,' there are many real-life paradoxes. The story is splashed with lasciviousness and also with sublime virtue. Red-hot passion paragraphs are there, calculated to send the readers' temperature soaring; yet all such passages are couched in language to please *any* censor. Ribald wit is balanced by a poetic, descriptive narration which at times approaches the Zenith of grandiloquence.

"Sir, please advise by return mail, whether you'll consider my story. Thanking you in advance for an affirmative answer, I remain respectfully yours," etc.

And so it goes.



"Oh, he's a talented architect—it's just that, emotionally, he's never grown up."

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SAMUEL BECKETT'S WORLD IN WAITING

I. The Life of an Enigmatic New Idol of the Avant-Garde of Two Continents

By RAY BRIGGS

IN Parisian cafes this week the French were joyfully bandying a new catch-phrase. To the perennial question *"Que faites-vous?"* (What are you doing?) smart Frenchmen were replying with a shrug *"J'attends Godot"* (I am waiting for Godot), a line from a play by a tall, wiry resident of Paris named Samuel Beckett. Even the smartest Frenchmen were uncertain as to exactly what the line meant, but it vaguely conveyed to them the futility which might have been expressed by the reply "I am waiting for Godot."

In the United States this week a play bearing the title of the French catch-phrase was being presented in little theatres (and even in some churches) by theatrical groups from Texas to California. Its main characters were two tragi-comic fellows who kept assuring each other that they were "waiting for Godot," but meantime making telling comments on life itself. In the United States, as in France, few if any audiences were entirely sure what either the play or its title meant. In fact, only a few bold critics in addition to writer Beckett himself could even pretend to be sure of the play's—or the catch-phrase's—meaning, and writer Beckett, at least, was not telling. As a result the only thing of which the general public could be sure was that "Waiting for Godot" had made of its author one of the most controversial literary figures of the decade. They could also be sure that the play and a few Beckett novels had made of him the newest idol of the literary avant-garde both here and in Europe.

Until a few years ago poet-playwright-novelist Beckett, who is now fifty-one, was unknown to fame. Dublin-born, he had been educated at that city's Trinity College, had served a hitch in Paris as a secretary-companion to novelist James Joyce, and had broken into print with some stylishly esoteric poems and short stories, none of which had brought him attention. (Meantime he had also hopelessly watched his mother and brother die slowly and painfully of a nerve- and brain-destroying disease—a fact which may account for the seemingly pessimistic view of life expressed in his writings.) Some sample lines from one of his early poems, entitled "Echo's Bones":

> Exeo in a spasm
> tired of my darling's red sputum
> from the Portobello Private Nursing Home . . .

Other significant examples of Beckett's early writings: an extended poem entitled "Whoroscope," a critical essay "Proust" (which illuminates a great deal of Beckett as well as of Proust), and a collection of short stories entitled "More Pricks than Kicks." Not until he wrote a novel-trilogy entitled "Malloy," "Malone Meurt," and "L'Innomable" between 1951 and 1953 did Beckett achieve success in France and not until shortly thereafter did his fame spread to the U. S. Thereupon a group of young American bohemians read the unpublished manuscript of a novel called "Watt," which he had written ten years before, adopted him as their lodestar, and subsidized the publication of the novel. Next came his play, "Waiting for Godot," a drama which caused a sensation in France in 1953 with a response that ranged from rapture to utter consternation. On the one hand Jean Anouilh led the huzzahs for his fellow playwright by calling the play a *chef-d'oeuvre* comparable in importance to the first Pirandello performance in Paris thirty years earlier. On the other hand the play was labeled a metaphysical monstrosity and a hymn of intellectual despair which brought forth cries of "Horrible! Horrible!" from some audiences.

The gamut between rapture and ridicule was run soon afterward in London, where the play had a two-year run. Anglo-Irish critic Denis Johnston suggested playfully that one character symbolized the Pope and that another even less flattering symbolized the Duke of Windsor. A few critics agreed that the chief character Gogo—whose name means simpleton in French—should be taken as a symbol of man, and that the name Godot was probably a symbol for God, thereby presumably clarifying the meaning of the catch-phrase to be "I am waiting for God."

Last year, when "Waiting for Godot" opened on Broadway, with comic Bert Lahr in the star role (and later off-Broadway with an all-Negro cast), it brought forth the same mixed reactions from American audiences, but with a valuable section of the avant-garde tabbing it as "the greatest play of our era."

Throughout all this author Beckett himself has remained silent, content in his role of avant-garde idol. At work on a novel entitled "Nouvelles at Textes pour Rien" ("Novel and Text for Nothing"), he has steadfastly refused to have a telephone installed in his Paris house, has disappointed Parisian publishers by not appearing at parties for which he has been the intended guest of honor, and even bolted the opening night in London of his own new play "Fin de Partie"—a play which features the conversations of two characters cramped up in garbage pails and which was largely greeted with thumbs down by the critics. Of his past and future creative efforts he has consistently replied, somewhat in the manner of the Parisian catch-phrase which his play itself originated: "I can't write about my work and never do," thereby leaving all such commentary to God—and to the critics who are bold enough to interpret his work. For William Barrett's essay in this direction, see the opposite page.

SAMUEL BECKETT IN PRINT: "Malone Dies." Clothbound, $3.75. Paperbound, $1.25. "Malloy." Clothbound, $3. Paperbound, $1.45. "Murphy." Clothbound, $3.50. "Proust." Clothbound, $2.50. Paperbound, $1. "Waiting for Godot." Clothbound, $3. Paperbound, $1. All the foregoing published by Grove Press.

Beckett's radio-play "All That Fall" is scheduled to be published by Grove in September.

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II. The Works of Beckett Hold Clues to an Intriguing Riddle

By WILLIAM BARRETT

SAMUEL BECKETT is the kind of writer who produces inevitable and sharp division among his readers. I already divide the people I know into pro- and con-Beckett, and the division accords with very well marked traits of character. It is evident that here is a writer of whom it is hard to form a purely esthetic judgment, whatever that might be. When I first read "Waiting for Godot" before it was produced on Broadway, I had that strangely simple and inevitable feeling that only the genuinely new work of art can produce; so simple and inevitable that this seemed to me the play we had all been waiting for. The confusion of its reception on Broadway I have never been able to understand, and particularly why the play should have been held to be "obscure"—except, again, on the supposition that the reaction was not a purely esthetic one and that Beckett's subject-matter, so simple and inevitable and central to some, is absolutely *terra incognita* to others. In this case, too, the division Beckett provokes, more than merely local, is continental: between the reception of the play in Europe, where it was a sensational success in France, Germany, England, and its reception in America, which was tepid at best. This kind of puzzle makes him a writer worth looking into.

Part of the trouble may have been the promotion of the Broadway production, with its snobbish appeal for "70,000 intellectuals." Actually, American highbrows have not taken very well to Beckett, for they are already dead in the regions where he is struggling tenebrously to live, and conversely the favorable reception of "Godot" in Europe was widespread and popular and not at all confined to any coterie. (One production in Germany took place in a prison, with convict actors.) The difference in the reception of the play lies ultimately in the difference between American and European psychology: the Europeans have been at the brink of the abyss where Beckett exists and they hear through him the sound of their own unspoken voice. The present political split between ourselves and our European allies is really the outcome of this profound psychological cleavage between our two civilizations, and there is not likely to be any superficial political healing of the situation in the near future. In this respect Beckett is a pretty good witness.

With the recent publication of "Murphy" Grove Press is to be congratulated on making available, if not yet the complete Beckett, at least a fair enough sample for judging him: beside the play "Godot," the two superb novels "Malloy" and "Malone Dies," and the brilliant essay on Proust. It is perhaps a slender volume of work, but enough, I think, to support Beckett's claim to being the most remarkable writer since 1945.

Actually, "Murphy" is an earlier work, written in 1938 and translated by Beckett himself into French in 1947, and does not yet attain the human pathos and comedy of the Beckett who finally broke through in "Godot" and "Malloy." It is a brilliant novel, to be sure, but still a little too abstract and not humanly rich enough. Perhaps the nearest thing to its quality is our own Nathanael West. Both Beckett (in "Murphy") and West write the same, sharp, incisive, deflating sentences; have the same mordant temperament and surrealistic imagination; and the same gift for sharp and unusual imagery. West is more colorful and romantic, Beckett more austere and intellectual. If Beckett were a Hollywood scriptwriter, unrecognized in his lifetime, the republication of "Murphy" would no doubt be the occasion of one of our typically American "revivals" attended by publishers' hullabaloo and critical "reinterpretations"; as it is, we take it merely quietly as marking a stage on Beckett's way.

Murphy is a young Irishman living in London, not altogether separable and yet not identifiable with Beckett himself, as are all his characters. Murphy takes up with a young streetwalker, Celia, lives with her for a while, leaves her, takes a job as an attendant in a mental hospital. At the end, he is burned to death in a fire in his own attic room in the hospital. Here again, as in all of Beckett's writing, the plot, in the usual sense of this word, is not very much to hang a novel on; what provides the excitement is the mind of the author himself as it twists and turns around its own mystery.

A good clue to this mystery that Beckett pursues is provided by his essay on Proust, which Grove Press has republished concurrently with "Murphy." This essay is one of the most brilliant pieces of writing that I have ever read on Proust, and the reader who wants to get the measure of Beckett's powers of mind and perception would do well to compare it with the very different essay of Edmund Wilson's "Axel's Castle." The theme in Proust that most fascinates Beckett is the mutability of the Self, a theme which Proust did so powerfully that almost any other novelist after him seems to be dealing only with solid, block-like figures outside of the mutations of time.

—*Phillip Charpentier.*

Beckett—"mystery of self-identification."

In his own novels Beckett pursues this theme altogether differently from Proust, but it is the same mystery of self-identification that he is after. On the one hand, we are imprisoned in this Self, while, on the other hand, the prison itself is so fleeting and intangible that we can never lay hands on it, can never recognize the solid certainty of walls, bars, cot. Such self-involvement repels a good many of Beckett's readers, but the imprisonment he deals with is, after all, a universal human truth. The most extrovert man of action is as much imprisoned in himself as the solitary intellectual like Beckett; perhaps more so since, unlike the latter, he has no inkling of his imprisonment.

No doubt, this absorbing preoccupation gives a certain narrowness of outlook in comparison with writers whose subject matter is all the variety and plentitude of the external world; in this sense Beckett is indeed

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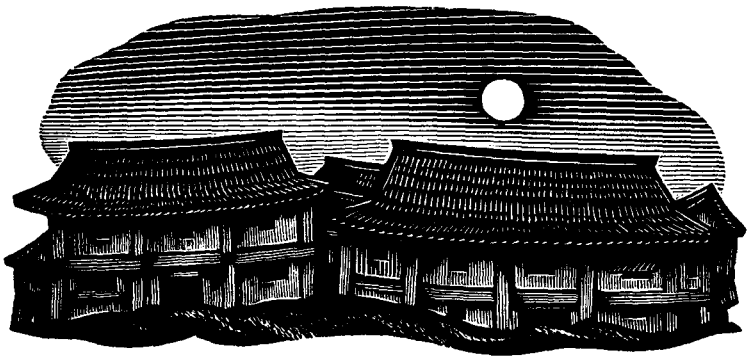
narrow writer, narrow but intense, and it is a question whether these may not be virtues more needed at our time when all other agencies of our social life are going in for the super-colossal and gigantic. Only a very gross taste would reject an early Romanesque crucifix because it did not have the heroic proportions of the Venus de Milo. The artist produces what has profoundest meaning for his time even if the time itself cannot see it until much later. We are in the period of the catacombs where a simple scrawl on the wall, if authentic, has more meaning than the pomp of High Art. This is probably the point where the readers of Beckett fork off into two camps, accordingly as they do or do not see everywhere around them the emptiness of the modern world that does not even know that it is empty.

IT REMAINS to say a word or two about the allegedly "gloomy" or "negative" character of Beckett's writings. Of course, there is gloom and gloom, and some of the fiction which provides readers with entertainment and solace I find at bottom thoroughly nihilistic. The solid and competent novels of Marquand, which I admire, seem to me to skirt the bottom depths of nihilism, and I would say the same of a good deal of even the best fiction of *The New Yorker*. Even in a formal theological sense, I think we would have to say that Beckett is one of those who is really living beyond despair—which is to say that man is not dead in Beckett as in much of the writing that our more complacent critics never raise a word against.

The reader who wants to put this to the test, as well as who wants to gain an entree to this remarkable writer, might do best by beginning with "Malloy." About the third reading or so he will find that the things which may at first have repelled him, the physical sordidness and apparent despair, fit together and are right in Beckett's world, which in its comedy and pathos is a triumphantly human one. In this one work, merely on a technical level as adding new dimensions and perspectives to the novel, Beckett must be ranked—and I weigh my words—along with Kafka and Joyce. And as for an affirmation of life—well, at the end of the third of the trilogy, "L'Innomable" ("The Nameless One," which Beckett is now translating into English), the "I" of Beckett's novels says his last word: *"Il faut continuer, je vais continuer"* (One must go on, I am going to go on). At the end of his tether there is affirmation for you, and for some of us every bit as positive as Dr. Norman Vincent Peale.



Nightmare in Asia

***"Subi: The Volcano," by Burt Cole** (Macmillan. 220 pp. $3.75), is a story about a war waged sometime in the future by the United States against a nation that could be China.*

By David Karp

BURT COLE'S first novel "Subi: The Volcano" is a nightmare—a nightmare concerning the probable course of a Sino-American war. Nowhere in this story of a beleaguered American garrison stationed at a port city on the Asian continent does the word "China" or the term "Chinese" occur, but there is no doubt that this is the enemy, so well-armed, so capable of withdrawing thousands of miles across its land before it turns and fights. This is the potential enemy with its "human sea" tactics capable of drowning Western invaders. The garrison finds itself under attack by a desperate city of two millions, driven as much by hunger and disease and hatred as by nationalism.

The cruel facts of Eastern hunger and squalor and ignorance are pressed home again and again by Mr. Cole in this clean, almost surgically dispassionate account of the impact of the East upon the West. Snuggled down in their garrison living on rich resources of the richest nation of the earth Americans react differently to the ferocious hungers which rage just outside the barbed wire fences and the infantry perimeter. Some of the garrison's soldiers, frantic with compassion, give themselves and their food away to the starving. Major Fletcher, the tough focus of the novel, finds that pity destroys and steels himself against it. A cruelly wounded captain finds a mission in life defending a young private who is driven near insanity by the pities raging within him.

It is a strangely lit world of madness and desperation which encircles the little scrap of "The American Way of Life." The enemy is without and tunnelling beneath the garrison. Wild, hopeless raids are conducted against the garrison—raids which the senior infantry officer welcomes as an opportunity to "blood" his troops, to give them some taste of the tougher fighting which is to come when the armament will be heavier and used by soldiers and not by crazed civilians.

The stories of the three individuals are lost in the sheer weight of the misery which surrounds them and the symbolism of Mr. Cole's novel (what, after all, is a modern novel without symbolism?) is never as strong as the nakedness of Eastern pauperism. To the American mind the actual fact of the depressed—rather, depraved—way of life of the Chinese comes in a stultifying shock. Stories of famine in China printed in newspapers in the 1930s reported that bark had been stripped from trees. The average American was capable of skipping the item with a faint grimace but in this novel there is no way of escaping that easily. Mr. Cole has a brilliant gift for being able to press the stench and pain and agony of the East into print.

For those who believe that a "push-button" war using nuclear missiles can be conducted at a safe, dry, hygienic distance Mr. Cole's novel should be required reading. No one will ever be able to prove that war is less than hell. To know how hellish it can be in China, read Burt Cole's fine first novel.

DULY NOTED: **"Wizard's Country,"** by Daphne Rooke (Houghton Mifflin, $3.75) is a barbaric idyll—a picture of Zulu life less than a hundred years ago in the time of Cetewayo (1873-1879), who was the grandson of the founder of the Zulu nation. It is a picture that differs only in degree from that of many tribal Africans today. Death does not come so swiftly now. There are no more wars or raids, but customs are not much changed, and the spirit world still dominates

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the natives' lives. The ghosts of their fathers, the spells of the wizards, witches, and warlocks, the dangers from devils are still omnipresent, for with the African the dead are as real as the quick.

Miss Rooke's novel tells of Benge, a crippled Zulu boy who wavers between accepting his hunchbacked reality or believing, as so many do, that he is a Magic Dwarf. His mother tries to make him remain a child for fear that once it is noticed he is a man he will be destroyed—either for his deformity or because of his cleverness in hunting, both considered attributes of a wizard. After a series of ordeals he becomes sure he is Benge, sure that his bewitchment is over, that he is now a real man—no longer a Magic Dwarf.

By her treatment of native life and custom Miss Rooke has brought Africa nearer than most anthropologists are able. Rich with the poetic beauty of Zulu imagery, hers is a true reflection of the African soul.

—Stuart Cloete.

"The Bridge," by Pamela Frankau (Harper, $3.75), is the story of middle-aged David Neilson who relives the most significant moments of his life as he is led across the bridge from this world to the next. In a series of brilliant backward flashes we learn about his childhood, his success as a writer, his wife Anne and their unstable marriage, and the tragic death of their only daughter. This picture of two mixed-up, self-tormenting souls, with its backward, turn backward, Oh time in your flight, message is not soon forgotten.

—Rosemary C. Benét.

"It Is a Dream," by John Manson (Holt, $3.95), is a first novel about Cam Williams, who in the first chapter lays eyes on lovely dark-haired Lise and for the succeeding twelve years forgets quite a few things in his long obsession for her: studies, one marriage, two children, and a pretty fair career in advertising. Naturally enough, when he finally has Lise he finds it's not worth the bother—she's a thoroughgoing alcoholic mess, and Cam's stuck with her in the slums of Rome wondering why. Glumly entertaining, the novel lacks plausible motivation for its characters, who in turn don't emerge as particularly interesting people. —Donald R. Bensen.

"The Angel in the Corner," by Monica Dickens (Coward-McCann, $3.75), is the story of a lonely young English girl pitted against a competitive mother. The plot careens more or less inevitably toward doom as Virginia, the heroine, becomes involved in a bad marriage, ending in an attempted murder and suicide. Miss Dickens, great-granddaughter of Charles Dickens, has a fondness for the melodramatic situation without the richness or power to command it to reveal her characters with compassion.

—Patricia Donegan.

"The Honorable Rocky Slade," by William Wister Haines (Little, Brown, $3.95), is a record of the decline and fall of the wealthy Maynard family as seen through the eyes of the young attorney who managed its affairs and fell in love with its pretty and sole survivor, Lucy. Rocky Slade becomes a United States Senator because Mr. Haines is bitterly convinced that "hatred, fear, envy" were the three tried and true steps to political power during the New Deal. We can only hope that the simple-minded, ambitious young Rocky Slade will be unmasked in the Senate as a boob too primitive even for that tolerant large-minded body of gentlemen.

—David Karp.

"Pride of Innocence," by David Buckley (Holt, $3.95), recounts the story of Dunne, a young and innocent G.I., who is thoroughly appalled by the frank hedonism of the army of occupation in Germany after World War II. As inevitable complications set in, he is torn between his disintegrating sense of decency and the demands of his emancipated libido. Perhaps at times Mr. Buckley's discipleship to Ernest the First is too obvious. The sinewy poetry of Hemingway is impossible to duplicate, and the tale improves when it escapes the impossible demands of the bearded specter's taurine romanticism.

—Daniel B. Dodson.

"The Strange Enchantment," by Geoffrey Cotterell (Lippincott, $4.95), is a long family novel centered about the eldest daughter, Isabel, a child prodigy who longs for a career as a concert pianist. Her first marriage to an impoverished ensign ends with his death in World War I. Renewed interest in her concert career is interrupted when Isabel marries a German who proves himself to be a liar and a cheat. The central theme of the novel, the will to failure, the constant belief that nothing will come out right, is expressed with a craftsman's skill. —Harrison Smith.

"The Deep Range," by Arthur C. Clarke (Harcourt, Brace, $3.95), de-

"Is he one of us, or one of them?"

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picts the world of the twenty-first century in which science leavened with humanism has prevailed, and man has moved, inevitably, back to the sea for earth's sustenance. The hero, Walter Franklin, having risen through the ranks of the Bureau of Whales to become its director, is caught between conflicting interests: loyalty to his own bureau or a more universal respect for all life. It is a comforting and happy world that Mr. Clarke predicts, a world in which Captain Nemo might have shed his distrust for humanity.

—D. B. D.

"Early Stories of Willa Cather," selected and with commentary by Mildred Bennett (Dodd, Mead, $4), were written between the author's nineteenth and twenty-sixth years. Half a dozen were composed during her campus years, another batch consists of hack work, and a few were published in a long defunct literary magazine. The pickings out of the rocky garden of Miss Cather's literary youth are indeed slim. These stories which are signposts of literary trial-and-error can add nothing to Willa Cather's reputation. —LEON EDEL.

"Take a Number," by Armando Perretta (Morrow, $3.50), is a guided tour to Hartford, Connecticut's Italian section in the Twenties and Thirties—a world with provocative aromas of garlic, provolone, and less attractive slum odors. The novel is constructed about the times and talents of the Head Collector of the Italian Lottery, Don Peppino Fazzone, a lover of wine, music, and disputation, whose work involves him in the lives of nearly everyone in the district. Although the interest centers more upon the action than upon the development of character, on the whole the tales have the rich anecdotal quality of a good yarn spun over a bottle of chianti.

—JOHN FANTE.

"The Obsession of Emmet Booth," by Martha Albrand (Random House, $3.50), is a psychological novel centered in a young widow and a multimillionaire bachelor who is obsessed by the desire to possess her and the child she would bear him. Booth's tenacity, his incredible knowledge of her past life, his overpowering will, are finally too much for Miranda. The last tragic sentence is Miranda's: "Why don't you drop in for a drink this afternoon?" The battle is won! There are only two major characters who move through this simple but fascinating plot, the victory of a ruthless man, consumed by a strange love for a gentle woman.

—H. S.

THE WORLD

The American Age

***"The Coming Caesars," by Amaury de Riencourt** (Coward-McCann, 384 pp. $6), is a discussion by a Frenchman long resident in the United States of the probable development of world history and the role of the United States in it. Professor Hans Kohn of the City College of New York, our reviewer, is the author of a forthcoming book called "American Nationalism: An Interpretative Essay."*

—From "The Herblock Book."

"Shall we say grace?"

By Hans Kohn

AMAURY de RIENCOURT's excellent new book carries an ominous title. "The Coming Caesars," however, belies the Spenglerian overtones of its name. When Spengler, the German, predicted the rise of an age of Caesars he was convinced of the doom of modern Western civilization and above all of the inevitable decline of the United States, which he justly regarded as the most typically modern Western society. But Riencourt, native of France and resident of the United Sates for the past decade, not only believes in the validity and resilience of the West; he has no doubt about the leadership of the United States in the near future. Nor does Riencourt believe, as Spengler did, that the course of history is predetermined, though he too has a penchant for drawing and overemphasizing analogies from the historical past. Thus he comes to identify Europe with Greece and the United States with Rome. Whatever validity this parallel may have, it overlooks the fact that the Romans were a people entirely different in origin from the Greeks and that they received from the Greeks a civilization in the development of which their ancestors had no share. The people of the United States are of European descent and the settlers in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries shared fully in the common English and Western European cultural life. Milton and Locke, the theologians, jurists, and political thinkers of that time were as much the heritage of the Anglo-Americans as of the English in the old country.

Within this general framework, the book presents one of the most balanced and appreciative views of European-American relationships. Americans will gain from it a better understanding of the importance of the fundamental trends of their development; Europeans will find it a most helpful guide, leading them from senseless irritation with America to a better founded appreciation of common destiny.

"What makes Americanization irresistible," Riencourt writes, "is that it presents the natural conclusion of a thousand years of European history and the inevitable standard of the future. Whether one likes it or not, mass civilization is today no worldwide thing. The choice is no longer between European Culture and American Civilization because the European Culture is moribund. The choice lies between the high marks set by America or the increasingly shabby standards set by contemporary Europe."

The practical genius of America, which pays more attention to reality than to abstract theory, has the ability to let institutions grow organically over long periods of time rather than attempt to plan them logically. Therein the United States resembles its English mother country and is sharply distinguished from continental European nations, above all from the French. In its Presidential structure, the United States devised a plastic system that can provide executive leadership in an age of mass democracy. M. de Riencourt believes that

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this model represents a practical anticipation of a world order in which the sacred rights of the individual and efficient economic development are paramount. Before it, outdated political problems, especially today's obsolete virulent nationalism, are bound to wither away. Many readers will agree with the author's contention that on this basis alone a world order can come into being, namely on the respect, first and last, for the "private" rather than the "national" life of the individual human being. In that sense the United States must give leadership to the United Nations. The United States offers today a living pattern, a common denominator, which is the only one around which all human beings can be reconciled in a civilized community of equal citizens.

Again most readers will agree with the author's stand regarding the United Nations. He sees in the United Nations a precious substitute for war. Its appeal throughout the world is so potent that the Communist nations dare not leave it although they are largely outvoted. The United Nations does not offer a limited platform such as the League of Nations did but a global arena in which the struggle for ideological leadership can be won by the West. World War III is not inevitable. It can be patiently argued away if the awareness of reality and the spirit of compromise that served America's development so well are extended to international relations. In the opinion of the reviewer, the present American Administration tries to follow the policy which M. de Riencourt so felicitously verbalizes much better than the Administration spokesmen themselves.

BUT the present Administration may also allay the fears of the author concerning the coming Caesars whom he sees prefigured in Franklin D. Roosevelt. M. de Riencourt regards Caesarism as the symbol of a mortal disease within our Western civilization. But there is good hope that the Americans will not choose the easy solution of strong leadership. This is so not only because, as Riencourt rightly states, Americans have always been repelled by open display of authority, whereas they enjoy power over "things." They have no feeling of awe or reverence for other human beings. Their Presidents may be the most powerful human beings in the world, but the best among them are painfully aware of the limitations, temptations, and dangers of human power and are shrinking away from any spectacular or demagogic use of it. The human character and common sense of the average American and of his President are the best safeguard against a coming Caesar. M. de Riencourt's thoughtful and stimulating, and in some parts even exciting, book may help the American people and the Administration to see their task of leadership in the present complex and revolutionary age in a historical perspective and with the needed self-critical humility. It is a book of learning and wisdom, which should be widely read and discussed.

"Dr. Watkins finally discovered the nature of my allergy, dear—prepare for a shock."

Total Tyranny

"Oriental Despotism," by Karl A. Wittfogel *(Yale University Press. 556 pp. $7.50), is a study of the development of totalitarian societies and how it affects present-day states, especially the U.S.S.R. It is reviewed here by Bertram D. Wolfe, author of many volumes about the Russian Revolution and its consequences.*

By Bertram D. Wolfe

KARL A. WITTFOGEL has produced in "Oriental Despotism" one of those rare and infrequent works that is likely to mark a watershed in political theory and social thought. He has sought to take up where Richard Jones, the two Mills, Adam Smith, and Karl Marx left off in the nineteenth century, and Max Weber in the early twentieth. But where it seemed to these earlier writers that absolutism was on its way out and the Oriental despotism was about to awaken from its millennial slumber and adopt the ways and institutions of the West, Dr. Wittfogel offers his concept at a time when totalitarianism has in turn taken possession of three European countries, and now, in its successful Communist form contends with democracy and freedom for the possession of the awakening spirit of Asia.

The great sociological generalizers of the nineteenth century took note of the existence of Oriental despotism, but even Max Weber's studies of it were, for understandable reasons, marginal. Dr. Wittfogel, who is professor of Chinese history at the University of Washington, and director of the Chinese History Project at Columbia, makes Oriental society his starting point and focal center, but never for a moment in the course of his close examination of Oriental and "Oriental-type" institutions loses sight of their meaning for the West and of the present conflict that polarizes the world.

Dr. Wittfogel's study is original not for its central thesis but for his development of it with a wealth of detail and persistent analysis. The system which it calls Oriental despotism, he tells us, had its origin in societies where for ecological reasons massive works of irrigation and flood-control were of life-and-death importance to human existence. Those who organized these great works became a powerful managerial ruling class, acquiring in due course the monopoly of power that enabled them to create "a state too powerful for society,"

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and to monopolize in their hands the control of the water courses, the corvee labor of the multitudes, the control of armed force and of the splendors of despotic communal consumption. With case studies drawn from the Far and Near East, the Incas, the Aztecs, and the Mayas of the New World, and from Europe itself, Dr. Wittfogel pursues the multiple varieties and changing histories of these various societies, along with the causes for the relative immobility of the most important of them.

The thesis is by no means as simple as a brief summary must make it, for the author seeks for the causes of the rise of other forms of "agromanagerial despotism" and the circumstances in which a society that is "stronger than its state" can undertake great hydraulic works without thereby engendering despotism. To the crude and overly narrow conception of "class" or "order" of Adam Smith and Karl Marx, who saw such orders or classes as determined by their relationships to private property and revenue, and who saw the state as a mere protector of such property, Dr. Wittfogel adds the awareness that the state itself can become the major owner of key property and the managerial bureaucracy a ruling class in a more literal and sweeping sense than any of the revenue-and-property classes ever were in a society based on property independent of the state. Indeed, it is these state-power-based ruling classes, and their capacity for monopolizing power where the state is stronger than society, that is the central theme of Dr. Wittfogel's interest as expressed in his "comparative study of total power."

This comparison naturally leads to a number of obiter dicta on the "total managerial apparatus state of the U.S.S.R." that will prove fruitful to any student of modern Soviet history and institutions. In a chapter that is as entertaining as it is thoughtful ("The Rise and Fall of the Theory of the Asiatic Mode of Production"), the author recounts how first Marx and then Lenin became uneasy as they grew aware of the analogies between the Oriental managerial bureaucratic state and the total state control of industry and agriculture which they were advocating. The chapter ends with Soviet political theory, and those who echo it abroad, simply censoring this formulation out of the writings of Marx and substituting "feudalism" for "Oriental despotism" in all their discussions of Asiatic society.

As a comparative study of total power, the work seems to have one weakness. Its author tends to view *total, totalist,* and *totalitarianism* under the aspect of total monopoly of power, rather than that of an attempt to embrace all aspects of physical and spiritual life. But this conceptual weakness is constantly overcome in the concrete pictures of the operation of total power of Dr. Wittfogel's intense awareness of the sweep of modern totalitarianism.

A work so big in scope and so rich in detail concerning so many lands and times, teases the reviewer to offer samples of its richness and to argue with some of its details, but, since considerations of space forbid both one and the other, I should like to close by recording the over-all conviction that this is sociological and historical generalization in the grand manner such as had almost seemed to have gone out of style, and that history, political science, sociology, and anthropology will take a long time to assimilate critically the rich insights it provides.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

QUOTE . . . UNQUOTE

To quote is to quote correctly, which one doesn't always do. Helen Pettigrew of Charleston, Arkansas, offers a group of sort-of-familiar quotations some of which are given correctly and some of which are not. Repairs made on page 36.

1. Too little learning is a dangerous thing.
2. Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.
3. The paths of glory lead but to the grave.
4. Ay, tear her battered ensign down!
5. Heaven lies about us in our infancy.
6. Full many a rose is born to blush unseen.
7. The proper study of mankind is man.
8. This before all: to thine own self be true.
9. Learn to labor and to wait.
10. Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good-night.

Neo-Marxism

"The Political Economy of Growth," by Paul A. Baran *(Monthly Review Press. 308 pp. $5) and* ***"The Critique of Capitalist Democracy," by Stanley W. Moore*** *(Paine-Whitman. 180 pp. $4.50), present criticisms of the state of the world from a pro-Soviet Marxist point of view but with certain qualities that differentiate them from the common run of such works. George Fischer, our reviewer, is an associate of the Harvard Russian Research Center.*

By George Fischer

WITHIN recent weeks two books have appeared that represent a new and minuscule current in American thought and, still more strikingly, espouse a pro-Soviet Marxism, while displaying little of the passion for scholasticism and jargon characteristic of most Soviet and pro-Soviet intellectuals. They are technically competent, readable, and sophisticated. While they are pro-Soviet they are not Communist: the U.S.S.R. is endorsed as the most important existing manifestation of Marxism but not as either the long-run ideal or the short-run hub of the universe. In the midst of the Cold War this distinction may not seem tremendously important, but it does serve to separate these Marxist sheep from the Communist goats.

The bigger of the two books is "The Political Economy of Growth," by Paul A. Baran, professor of economics at Stanford University, whom his publishers describe as "probably the only Marxian social scientist teaching at a large American university." Baran's book deals with a question which since World War II has become a central theme in American thinking—the question of economic development (or "growth"), of the likely future course of advanced and backward country and how this may be affected. "The Political Economy of Growth" treats the question on two very different levels. One is the familiar Marxist condemnation of capitalism, or the West) and the idealization of socialism, its unique rational efficiency and its approaching triumph. Alongside this testament of a true believer, the book offers an imposing survey of the major problems inherent in economic development.

Adding value as well as spice to this analysis are Baran's criticisms of Western activities and motives regarding the backward areas, and his

(*Continued on page* 36)

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Critic from Academe

***"Contexts of Criticism," by Harry Levin** (Harvard University Press. 294 pp. $5), is a collection of essays on literature and the literary situation, most of them dealing with the present century. Professor William Van O'Connor of the University of Minnesota, our reviewer, is the author of "The Tangled Fire of William Faulkner."*

By William Van O'Connor

HARRY LEVIN writes like a very good English don. I say this not to belittle but rather to characterize his new book "Contexts of Criticism," which is witty, intelligent, and learned. Each of the essays, which cover a wide range of subjects, was originally given as a lecture. The first section is entitled "Working Definitions" and includes "New Frontiers in the Humanities," "Art as Knowledge," "Contexts of the Classical," "The Tradition of Tradition," and "What Is 'Realism?" The other two sections are entitled "Notations on Novelists" and "Long Views," each of which includes five essays.

"Criticism in Crisis," from "Long Views," is a fine description of our literary situation as Alexandrian and it shows how at home Mr. Levin is in academic life. He sees as a good and necessary thing the return of critics to the university ("The emergence of the critic as a reviewer, commenting on books as they came along rather than lecturing on them afterwards, coincided with the rise of periodicals in the eighteenth century") and their being joined there by "many creative writers." He sees no great conflict between the critical and the creative. The two gifts frequently coexist. Where there is a conflict, he says, it is necessary for the two types to join forces: "Among all those who live by the printed word, such differences are far less strategic than their shared and jeopardized commitment: which is no, or never, the critique of forces encroaching not only upon the creation of literature but upon the preservation of culture itself."

In "Observations on Hemingway" he partially defends the academy against Hemingway's accusations that Academic America raises dust storms that are dispersed by "the rain" of honest writing. "Those of us who live in the shelter of the academy will not be put off by this disregard; for most of us have more occasion than he to be repelled by the encrustations of pedantry. . . ." The essay itself is an excellent account of Hemingway's style, being especially good in showing the relationship therein of motion to emotion. Levin also gives Hemingway a couple of "lessons," telling him that his *and* method of linking sentences is called *polysyndeton* and that his method of argumentation is sometimes sly: "In the course of a single sentence, utilizing a digressive Ciceronian device, *paralipsis*, he has not only rounded up such writers as he considers academic; he has not only accused them of sterility, by means of that slippery shortcut which we professors term an enthymeme . . ." Levin meets Hemingway on his own ground and comes off pretty well.

There is further evidence of Levin's love of erudition in his sympathetic account of "Joyce's Sentimental Journey." He enjoys recalling that Joyce had contemplated a career as a professor of Romance languages at his college in Dublin. He sees Joyce's career as an Irish contribution to European culture: "Joyce's sentimental journey was neither a pilgrimage nor a crusade; it was his realization of Irish nationality within the widening perspective of European culture. In short, it was a tale of two cities, Paris and Trieste; of French poetry and erudition, of Italian music and philosophy; of two older writers rediscovered by a younger disciple, Edouard Dujardin and Italo Svevo; of two timeless masters, Flaubert, invisible and omnipresent, and Dante, first and last."

There may be two or three essays that are "academic" in the pejorative sense. One of these is "What Is Realism?" As a critical term, realism long ago lost any usefulness. Undoubtedly it belongs in the literary histories—but Mr. Levin should have left it there. He does a good deal better with "tradition" in "The Tradition of Tradition," for the term is one that still figures in literary arguments.

In reading some of Levin's essays one might be a little depressed by the learned allusions and the facts out of unexpected contexts, and not merely out of envy. But to quarrel too much about this would be to quarrel with his very real virtue as a critic.

Herbert J. Muller—"civilized over-view."

A Western Glory

***"The Spirit of Tragedy," by Herbert J. Muller** (Knopf. 335 pp. $5), is a survey of tragic drama since the Greeks, with observations on the nature of tragedy. Professor Howard Mumford Jones of Harvard is our reviewer.*

By Howard Mumford Jones

HERBERT J. MULLER'S "The Spirit of Tragedy" is described on the dust jacket as a "searching inquiry into the uses of tragedy." This is precisely what it is not. It is, rather, a pleasant, civilized over-view of a good deal of tragic drama since the Greeks, coupled with evidences of wide and intelligent reading in tragic theory, commonly introduced by the phrase, "As So-and-so remarks." "I speak mournfully as a teacher," he remarks in a footnote, "who has tried to do his best for Corneille," and Mr. Muller does his conscientious best, not only for Corneille, but for persons as various as Sophocles, Wagner, O'Neill, and Sartre. His book, he tells us in his preface, grew out of a question that takes us to the heart of tragedy; and the question is: why the periods of tragic glory have been confined to the Western world. This, he says, "involves the distinctive values of Western civilization," but with every sympathy for Mr. Muller's good intentions I cannot see that he has quite answered his own question, largely because, by confining himself to the Atlantic community, he denies himself any comparable examination of other cultures.

One of Mr. Muller's difficulties is uncertainty as to where to look for

(*Continued on page* 36)

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The True End of Knowledge

LAST year you and I, progressive Americans all, consumed 45 million aspirin tablets daily. Each night we swallowed 20 million sleeping pills, the next morning chasing them with as many million "wake-up" pills. American doctors will this year write nearly 40 million prescriptions for the new anti-worry pills, called "tranquilizers," hoping to stave off the anxiety, depression, and fear that hamstrings our modern living. Juvenile delinquency is a common topic over our teacups. Seventy-five million Americans are chronic drinkers and 5 million of these are confirmed alcoholics.

Such is the price of our sagacity: one out of every two hospital beds in America is occupied by a mental patient; one out of every ten children born suffers a mental illness. Today the hallmarks of our civilization are stomach ulcers and heart attacks. Slowly but surely in our land of bounty we are driving ourselves to a sort of prosperous desperation. Like modern Frankensteins we are being devoured by our own alchemies, and many of us find ourselves American aliens, mentally and spiritually displaced in our own native land.

However did we come to believe that we could manufacture happiness out of steel and synthetics and bring peace and good will to earth by splitting an atom?

It is trite but true that our generation has made greater technological advances than all our ancestors combined since time began. We have indeed turned natural resources into heretofore undreamt-of power, power to send planes around the world without refueling, power to place perpetual-motion machines in outer space, power to blast mankind from the face of the earth forevermore. Yet, withal, we know we have failed to tap the greatest resource of all, the power of the human being for mutual understanding and respect, one for another, his benign ability to settle his difficulties and differences in peace. And until we do learn in lowliness of mind to esteem another as equal or better than ourselves, violence shall not cease to be heard in the world, nor wasting, nor destruction.

Perhaps our fault lies in our trusting nothing we cannot see or hear or feel—for we are opportunists, most of us. But the problem goes deeper. We have somehow taught ourselves that might makes right, that superiority is virtuous, that wisdom is found in gold and onyx and sapphires and topaz.

I am a librarian. There is prevalent opinion which holds that librarianship is a sort of Casper Milquetoast profession, and that our stock-in-trade—namely, the book—is an ineffectual artifact which serves primarily to collect dust on musty, dim-lit shelves. Therefore, the book is of no practical importance, we hear, for the busy, hard-driving man of the world.

But let me state that throughout all history man's recorded word has been more powerful than his most diabolical machines. And books—instead of being lifeless, static things—have been man's most dynamic, most explosive force in the world. No other has had so powerful an impact upon humanity, anywhere, anytime. If you doubt this, remember "The Prince," remember "Das Kapital," remember "Mein Kampf" and "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and remember the New Testament.

While I can do no more in this space than express a solitary opinion, I am convinced that the world we have made for ourselves is scheduled for sadder days unless we learn to capitalize on man's innate goodness and somehow to sponsor his eternal yearning for peace and lovingkindness, one for another. The deep, deep reservoir of the human spirit, powerful and everlasting, yet remains to be utilized for the preservation of all that mankind—in his sanest moments—really believes in and cherishes. I would address one general admonition to us all: consider the true end of knowledge—seek it not for pleasure or profit, not for prowess or power, but only for the benefit and betterment of mankind.

Librarians, teachers, preachers, statesmen, writers, and others have the vast advantage of communication. And we have easy access to the materials which man most needs to direct or re-direct his destiny and to strengthen his armor, intellectual, cultural, and spiritual. However, man and the materials so necessary to his beneficence do not just happily fall together, by chance. They must be brought together—and in my humble opinion this very act of bringing them together is the principal role of the librarian of the future. If our era is one of tragedy, terror, and maddening tension, it is also one of tremendous opportunity and unbounded challenge. The future promises even greater opportunity, even vaster challenge.

UP TO now the library profession has put great stress upon acquiring materials and upon organizing them for their smooth flow into the hands of our patrons. But the time has come, or so it seems to me, for us to realize that these practices, however, important, are but means to an end. The end itself, we must know, is wisely interpreting these materials for the hosts of men, women, and children of all walks of life, who now more than ever come within our care, providing them proper guidance to the vast store of recorded knowledge which is our rightful province. Surely, our success in helping them survive their many ordeals, in making them better citizens of a world we must all inhabit—whether we like it or not—may be measured in terms of our ability to translate into dynamic force the best that has been thought and said in the past and found only in our workshops. Therein lies the real, the only solid foundation for "The Library and Its Future."

—W. Stanley Hoole.
Librarian, University of Alabama.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

ELEVENTH HOUR

Dr. Schweitzer—the man of the eleventh hour. I knew he would eventually come through in the spirit of his provoking concept of "reverence for life." His great humanitarian declaration reveals the issue for what it should be (*SR* May 18)—an unmistakable call to arms of all peoples of the world who are concerned (and who is not?) with the preservation of the human race.

Alvin B. Aubert.

Baton Rouge, La.

A REPRINT?

Will you not preserve the type and make a reprint of NC's statement and Dr. Schweitzer's. We could use such a reprint.

Carl Soule.

Chicago, Ill.

Editor's Note: *More requests for reprints of the Schweitzer Declaration of Conscience have been received in the first week following publication than for any article in the history of* The Saturday Review. *Two reprints are now available:*

1) The Schweitzer Declaration of Conscience and N.C.'s Introduction. Price: 5¢.

2) The complete reprint of all the material, including the Schweitzer Declaration, the Introduction, the reply by Dr. Willard Libby, and counter-replies by Harrison Brown and John Lear. Price: 10¢. Reduced price on both reprints in quantities of fifty or more.

TO THE PRESIDENT

Today I sent the following letter to the President of the United States.

Dear Sir:

It matters not whether the increased radioactivity produced by the testing of atomic weapons is an infinitesimal fraction of existing background values well within permissible and safe limits. It matters not whether the effects of such radiation exert a negligible and practically unmeasurable action on longevity, the incidence of leukemia, or the occurrence of mutations in generations to come.

The fact remains that the contamination of the world by the explosion of nuclear weapons is increased, never to be reduced within the foreseeable future. It is immaterial whether this increase can be measured in whole numbers or fractions of a roentgen, or whether it is so minute that it cannot be determined by existing yardsticks. One cannot escape the conclusion that the margin of safety is being lessened to some extent—never to be restored.

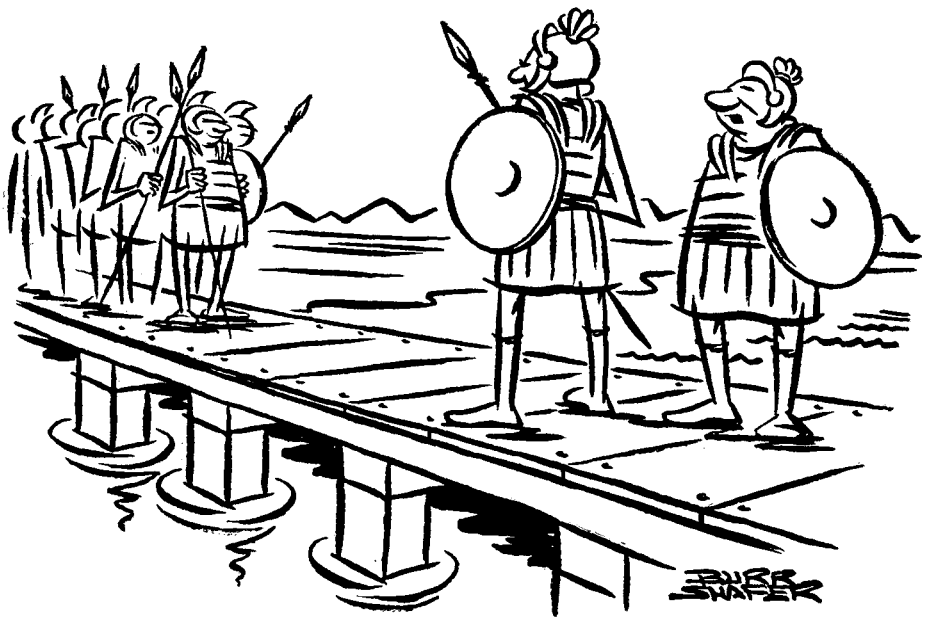
To be forthright, let us admit that the maintenance of peace through defensive strength and superiority is a second-rate device, popular today because of our inability to eliminate strife through conviction, moral suasion, and international understanding and law. Perhaps we fear that the eradication of atomic weapons will place us at a disadvantage before larger forces possessing greater quantities of conventional materials.

"The one sort of inconsistency that is culpable," said Daniel Webster, "is the inconsistency between a man's . . . conscience and his conduct."

I beg of you to take immediate action.

George A. Perera, M.D.

New York, N. Y.



Through History with J. Wesley Smith

"Well, then, if I can't help, is there anything I should tell Mrs. Horatius?"

PERSONAL MAILING

I, for one, would be happy to mail a reprint of the Declaration to everyone I know, with a covering letter from my husband and myself. Perhaps this evidence of our concern about the problem of exposure to radioactivity would make an impression even on people who had already read Dr. Schweitzer's statement. The letter would ask recipients to make a similar mailing.

Mrs. Janice A. Oser.

E. Weymouth, Mass.

PRAYER TO GOD

It was not until I read Schweitzer's simple and eloquent words that I realized the extent of the threat to mankind, to all mortal life in fact, of the senseless immorality of the atomic tests. My next reaction was the only one possible: prayer to Almighty God.

Herbert E. Moulton.

Lisle, Ill.

POSTCARDS TO WASHINGTON

I am convinced that nothing is going to stop the bomb tests until a far more general protest from the public takes place. I am pretty sure that there is enough knowledge now to produce the beginnings of such a protest. I am naive enough to think that if everyone sent merely a postcard to Washington there might be an impressive demonstration of feeling.

Margaret S. Richardson.

New York, N. Y.

THE TRUTH

Since Dr. Schweitzer has called on public opinion to make itself known I shall add a coal to the fire herein by stating that I accept his views as truth. I am writing letters to other effective places, also.

Jane E. March.

Montclair, N. J.

OVERCOME OUR LETHARGY

Needless to say, all serious-minded people reading Schweitzer's Declaration must be moved to immediate action. This is no longer in the realm of staying politically safe for fear of repercussions "ten years from now." We must overcome the lethargy that has fallen upon us.

Claire Michaels Serchuk.

New York, N. Y.

DISAPPOINTING

Dr. Schweitzer's Declaration was very disappointing, and its title is a misnomer. From a theologian, a philosopher, and one of the world's greatest public benefactors, I expected his bomb appeal would at least contain *some* moral pronouncements, but the word "conscience" does not appear in it anywhere except in the title. Instead, it is a cold recital of medical facts about radiation. These facts are in

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dispute, and despite the high regard I have for Dr. Schweitzer I could hardly be expected to acclaim him as outstanding in the field of atomic science. Why didn't he speak on the points on which he speaks with authority—on the moral issues, the philosophical and religious questions raised by a society which is studying to perfect the implements of its own destruction?

ROBERT W. SHIELDS.

Chicago, Ill.

ONE RELAY

I HAVE RELAYED the stirring message of Dr. Schweitzer, with N.C.'s introduction, to the editor of the local newspaper suggesting the propriety of this message as the basis for an editorial.

CHANDLER SMITH, M.D.

Saginaw, Mich.

EIGHTEEN IN JAPAN

I AM AN AMERICAN boy, eighteen years of age. I worry about solving the normal problems of any eighteen-year-old boy. I worry about what to do on Saturday night. I worry about what to buy Dad for Father's Day. I worry about the draft, and I wonder whether it will interfere with my continuing school. I worry about money. That is what I worry about.

But, after reading Dr. Schweitzer's "Declaration of Conscience," I suspect that if I were a Japanese boy I would be worrying about other things. I would worry about the rainwater I used to think was so sweet and full of the promise of abundant vegetation. I would worry about the snow I used to think so pure as it girdled the cone of Fuji. I would worry about my father, who is a fisherman, not because of the dangers of the sea, for we have lived in the dangers of the sea, for we have lived an eternity in dread of nature, but because of men who are much more clever than my father is and who are not content to let themselves or him alone. I would worry about our ancient trees and flowers, about the birds and little animals. And I would worry about the clouds, those magic carpets of childhood dreams. And I think that if ever an innocent cloud should, when the sun is at just a certain angle so that shadows become deceptions of the things they represent, take on the aspect of a mushroom, I would turn to stone with mortal terror.

But I am an American boy, and my fears are nothing like that.

HARVARD HOLLENBERG.

New York, N.Y.

CONGRATULATIONS

CONGRATULATIONS on *SR's* excellent introduction and publication of the Schweitzer Declaration. This is a crowning achievement. Both should reach large numbers outside *SR* subscribers. Would reprints and their distribution be practical? I consider it a high privilege to help a Schweitzer cause.

HENRY H. KENT.

Ilion, N.Y.

TANGLE WITH A GIANT

DR. SCHWEITZER'S point is simple, profoundly so: it is the preservation of humanity. Or—to use his words—"reverence for life."

Dr. Libby's point is, unfortunately, not quite so simple. In the first place, there are political and ideological implications intertwined with the intense emotionalism (not becoming to science) always prevalent in nationalism and power politics. In the second place, Dr. Libby is not quite so free to voice his "honest" opinions—however sincere—as is Dr. Schweitzer. It is the price Dr. Libby must pay for all the material comforts and being a part of the free world (a term, incidentally, becoming more and more fluid every day). Moreover, there is another complicating factor. He represents a strict partisan line. A rather infinitesimal per cent of the human race is thereby represented. But even if we assume the entire population of this country is solidly on his side (and far too many are), it represents approximately 8 per cent of all humanity.

Dr. Libby's reply belongs in the realm of ideology and nationalism and he should at least have the grace to limit his counters to his opposite numbers in Britain and Russia, because Dr. Schweitzer is talking about something else entirely. And because of this, Dr. Libby comes off quite poorly as indeed, any of us would when attempting to tangle with one of the great spiritual and mental giants of the past century.

ROBERT E. REARDON.

Washington, D.C.

LIAISON ORGANIZATION

SR's PUBLICATION OF Albert Schweitzer's speech on radiation startled and probably worried many people. This is necessary if the world is to realize the ironies of self-destruction to which it is lending itself. Do you know of any organization that is working as a liaison between the Atomic Energy Commission and the American people in order to provide information on its various radiation tests and latest discoveries, similar to the services offered by the American Cancer Society. It does not seem that these essentials should be left to haphazard reporting or partisan policy decisions. If you know of any such organization, I imagine that your readers would appreciate hearing of it.

F. W. LAZRUS.

Norwood, Pa.

CAUSE FOR FANATICISM

CONGRATULATIONS on your courageous printing of the Schweitzer Declaration. For some reason it hit me like the proverbial bomb. I have called it to the attention of all my students and have resolved to make as thorough a study of the question of atomic fallout as I am capable of. Certainly here is a legitimate cause for every teacher in every land to get fanatic about.

WILLIAM A. TAYLOR.

Harrogate, Tenn.

FREEDOM NEEDS LIFE

AS A BIOLOGIST, I stand squarely behind Dr. Schweitzer's carefully documented appraisal of the probably noxious effects of internal radiation. I must add that my concern for freedom is also very keen—I was given the Medal of Freedom with Gold Palm after the last war—but I can not conceive of freedom in a world from which life would be absent.

GABRIEL G. NAHAS, M.D., Ph.D.

Minneapolis, Minn.

MAN OF THE TIME

THANK YOU and *SR* for the preamble to and publication of the complete Schweitzer text. If Johnny's father and mother could only read too, this statement by the *man* of our time could turn the tide of our present imbecility.

FREDERICK FENNELL.

Rochester, N.Y.

BASIS FOR SERMONS

IN MY OPINION it should be used as a basis for every sermon preached from the pulpit of the churches or synagogue until its message reaches everyone.

MRS. MARIE H. MATTHEISS.

Baltimore, Md.

"Any more skeptics?"

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TV AND RADIO

"What Would You Do?"

WHEN the former Governor of Illinois, Adlai E. Stevenson, lost the 1956 Presidential election he also vacated the leadership of the "eggheads." The proud role unexpectedly found new shoulders shortly thereafter in the tall, personable Columbia University teacher Charles Van Doren, who made a killing on NBC-TV's high-Trendex quiz program, "Twenty-One." As Mr. Van Doren pyramided his weekly winnings across many cliff-hanging weeks for Geritol, he found himself chosen, over more obvious heirs, as *the* American intellectual.

The confusion between wide reading plus a retentive memory and the far more subtle complex of philosophic attitudes and values which are loosely described by the word "intellectual" may be readily understood and forgiven—by intellectuals, naturally. But when Philip Wylie, the author, points with pride to Mr. Van Doren as an especially exemplary personification of the "priesthood" it is time to cry "heresy." Mr. Wylie lapsed thus profoundly on a recent Sunday (Mother's Day, by chance), when he appeared on the new ABC-TV "Mike Wallace Interview," which is the network half-hour version of Mr. Wallace's continuing local sixty-minute stint of challenge and confession on New York's WABD-Dumont. Mr. Wallace repeated to Mr. Wylie the latter's assertion in print that President Eisenhower's favorite reading is Westerns, to which the author replied with a rhetorical question: "Why do we in this country hold intellectual accomplishments so low?"

Somewhere in the pursuit of his text Mr. Wylie made a statement which (if I heard it correctly) clearly implied that Charles Van Doren has shown television audiences what a real man (intellectual) is: "A man who uses his brain and heart." It is time to unmask Mr. Van Doren. I put the question bluntly: "Has the Columbia professor done American eggheads a service?"

Right here I put the answer equally bluntly: "No. He has done them a disservice." Mr. Van Doren had no business appearing on "Twenty-One" in the first place—as a loyal intellectual, that is. As a businessman, yes; as a private enterpriser, a get-rich-quicker, of course; but as an upholder of the sacred tradition of the humanities in the country, decidedly no. "Twenty-One" is not even an honest test of a man's hoard of facts. Mr. Van Doren (or any contestant, for that matter) could be stopped the first week—as any quiz-writer will tell you—if the mass-media masquerade were ever to be played in earnest. (To wit: "Name the Pharaohs of the Third, Ninth, and Sixteenth Dynasties, according to Manetho.") The technique of the Big Quiz is simple: get an interesting personality and keep him on from week to week till the public gets bored.

BY LENDING himself to this high blood-pressure advertising game, Mr. Van Doren has theoretically rendered unto Caesar and may now be able to retire on his winnings and write the great American play or novel or otherwise express his authentic literary gifts at leisure. But he has also, alas, poorly served the better intellectual qualities of mind and spirit by encouraging the public's mistaken identification of the intellectual as a grown-up quiz-kid. "But," you may protest, "television personalities are our national heroes. Will not the public admiration for Mr. Van Doren bless, by association, all other eggheads? Hasn't he been appointed education consultant for NBC? And isn't he now in a position to do some yeoman proselytizing in high places for the good of the cause?"

The answer to the first is that there is a difference between stooping to conquer and falling off your pedestal. The answer to the second is that Mr. Van Doren's reported $50,000 salary as NBC educational consultant will, in the deeper cost accounting, be charged not to the network program department but to the publicity and promotion budgets. In NBC's new "bread and butter" programming policy there is not much margin for *bona-fide* "educational" consulting.

The final challenge to this line of an attack is, of course: "You would do it yourself if you had the opportunity." To which the answer is: "I like to think that if I had, I would have the courage to refuse." May the gods of fame and fortune smile upon Mr. Van Doren. The muses will frown. To Philip Wylie, the real McCoy, we submit this: The brain and heart of the true intellectual is not found in names, places, and dates. He knows how to use his reference books.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

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BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

Catalan Coast

UNLIKE Madrid, which sits on a plateau and isn't really handy to anything save perhaps Toledo, Barcelona on the Mar Mediterraneo is in some ways like Genoa. Both to the right and to the left there is a place to lie down on the sand and relax. What is more, the resorts that flank Barcelona are among the most attractive and certainly among the best bargains available anywhere along the north coast of the sea from Gibraltar to Napoli.

Even though the village known as Sitges was endowed both in money and in loyal affection by an American named Charles Deering, and although it attracted a bevy of artists, it is virtually unknown even to the free wheeling American tourist. A settlement of small alleys, of iron grill windows, of lone palms in a tiny square, of quiet nooks and old museums, Sitges is twenty-three miles from Barcelona, and only sixteen from the Barcelona airport.

The bathers share the beach with the fishing boats, and the parish church rises on a bluff that overlooks the strand. In the narrow alleys behind it are a whole nest of museums. Cau Ferrat, the summer home of Santiago Rusiñol, is done in Catalan style with cerulean blue ceilings, tile on the floor, and a balcony over the sea. Picasso came often to paint, and three of his works and two El Grecos decorate the walls. The bedroom, separated from the rest of the house by a sort of peep-out window, is equipped with the basic necessities of the artist all of which hang on the wall—a musket, a bedwarmer, and a crucifix. Many of Rusiñol's own works hang in the Cau Ferrat, which he turned into a museum while he was still alive. He left it to Sitges in 1893.

The Palacio Maricel was built by Charles Deering but designed by Utrillo. It has a splendid courtyard and entrance and upstairs there are paintings by the early Spanish artists who worked in Sitges, as well as a collection of altar pieces, carvings, and ceramics.

Just east of Barcelona runs the Costa Brava, the Rugged Coast, gnarled and rocky, sheltered and sandy, studded with pines, covered with flowers, splashed by the breaking foam of the sea. Probably the handsomest resort is at S'Agaro which was begun a mere thirty years ago. It is by far one of the best buys along the Mediterranean. The main inn, the Hostal de la Gavina, or Seagull Hotel, has 100 rooms, all with bath, the halls strung with plush carpet, the balconies looking out to the sea, the walls hung with tapestries and oils, the sitting rooms decorated with Spanish antiques. At the official rate of exchange your bill will come to $9 a day per person with full board, and there is no whopping twenty-five per cent to be added in tips and taxes.

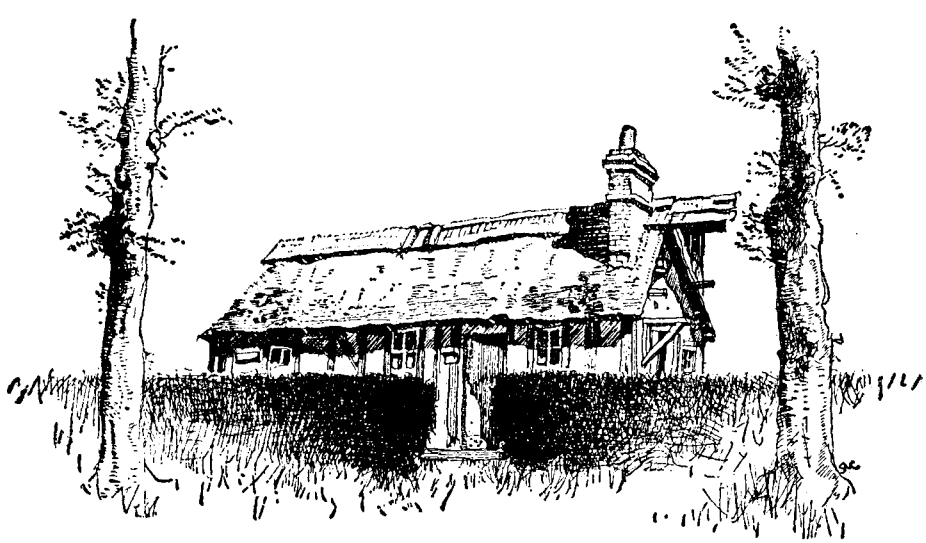
Guests of the hotel can bathe in a private part of the big beach known as the Playa de S'Agaro, or in the small, sheltered cove called La Conca. There are two clay tennis courts, a roller skating rink, American style bowling and snipe-type sailing. There is an open air night club and gypsy and flamenco shows erupting in the Catalan evenings. There are acres of rocks offshore where one can sun in private, and for strollers there is a promenade that stretches for three miles along the fringe of the sea. Maritime pines grow out of the rocks, silver gray *cineraria* and fuzzy lavendar *tamarindo* grow along the rocky walls. Strands of ivy weave among the stairs, earthenware pots hold giant geraniums and morning glories cover the walls.

Down the road at the fishing town of Palamos where Madeleine Carroll and R. Ruark have homes, a wizened fisher-type hoists the red and yellow flag at six, a siren wails, and from the sea the ships come heading home. They anchor offshore and the fishermen bring in the catch in longboats—eel-like *ascolas*, tiny red *mamonas*, and a dozen other silver kinds all spread out artistically on round palettes. They come ashore with baskets of fire-red shrimp and minuscule translucent *palayas*, and they put the big shrimp on top of the basket, the smaller ones underneath and then take everything inside to the market where it will be auctioned off by the chant of a caller.

ON THE other side of S'Agaro is San Feliu de Guixols (they say geshoals), the metropolis of the Costa Brava. Built in the ninth century, the houses of San Feliu run shoulder-to-shoulder down to the sea. It has a bullring and shopping for cork things made from the cork trees that grow along the highway, for woven straw hats, for intricately-woven straw rugs that sell for about $8, and as well for smart sportswear—leather jackets, cardigans with leather padding, and suede jackets up from Barcelona.

From the more than 360 beaches in the 100 mile stretch of the Costa Brava there is skin diving for *mero*, lobster, shrimp and in April, May, and June, for baby octopus. At Tossa de Mar the summer visitors paddle kayaks in the deep royal blue of the rocky inlets off the sea. But there is a broad curving beach covered with fishnet, with long boats and bathers, and anchored at one end by the ramparts and towers of medieval castles that, with the pines, cover a hilly promontory. The Hotel Ancora at the edge of the beach has tennis courts, a lavendar and blue bar and a dining room that is partially cased in the webbing of lattice and partially spread over a terrazzo floor with pines and poplars for shade and the Spanish sky for a roof.

Fifty miles away is Barcelona, Spain's biggest city. At its harbor the Mediterranean ships bound between Gibraltar and the depths of the Middle East stop en route. And the white



—From Samuel Chamberlin's "Bouquet de France."

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steamers that ferry the fortunate steam out from the docks bound for Majorca and perhaps Minorca and that newcomer to pleasure travel, Ibiza. Straining at its ropes nearby is a tiny ship—a high prow, wooden rig with sailors aboard and an admiral in attendance. It is a copy, the fourth including the original, as a sailor put it, of the Santa Maria, which sailed out of Spain in August of 1492 and made a landfall on Watling Island the next October.

Santa Maria IV was built five years ago in Valencia as an exact reproduction. The rig was copied from Columbus's log. Its present guardians know the names of thirty-nine of the original crew of forty. Among their duties was to pump water continuously. When signing on, a seawise question was, "Does she smell?" If the answer was yes then she must be a good ship. Little water comes in and a sailor doesn't have to pump all day. Looking through the rig of the *Santa Maria IV*, which at its dock doesn't smell at all, there was a clear view of Columbus high above a tall pedestal pointing his way to the New World.

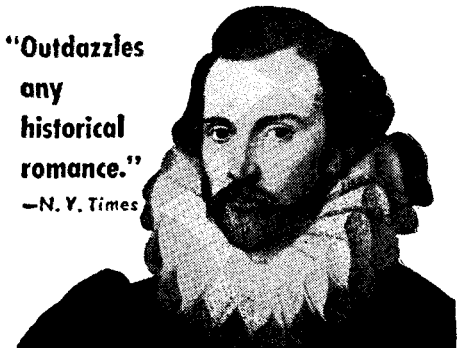
There is not much to see in Barcelona which is busy at being a port and manufacturing city, but one place to visit if you are an inveterate looker is the Pueblo Español or Spanish Village. Begun in 1929 at the time of the International Exhibition in Barcelona, the Spanish Village is sort of a Castillian Colonial Williamsburg except that it displays a variety of types of Spanish architecture. Each of the buildings is grouped somewhat according to its position on the Spanish peninsula. It is enough, I think, to say that it is maze of pleasant arches, red-tiled roofs, grilled balconies and fountains, all of which recall the architectural glories of Andalusia, Aragon, Valencia, Galicia and more. But these examples are not dead reproductions of architecture—they are alive with artisans—with shoemakers making espadrilles in the cathedral square, with glassblowers, with coppermongers, and lithographers and painters and craftsmen who print old linoleum cuts, and wallpaper. They make vases and beautiful chandeliers and *churros* which are coils of cake that have been fried in oil and *orejas* which are ears of dough that have been fried and sugared. Spanish soldiers of the 18th century parade in handsome prints, and there are scenes of ancient bullfights when the matador leapt over the bull with a pole vault and dogs were used to annoy the bull. Everything is for sale and the Spanish Village is probably one of the most comprehensive places to shop in all Spain.

The Spanish Village is part of the Parque de Montjuich, and on the mountain that adjoins it there is a military prison, a magnificent view of the harbor, a pleasant restaurant with both garden and view, known as the Miramar.

TO MY mind one of the most interesting places to eat along the Mediterranean is Los Caracoles in the old quarter of Barcelona. Caracoles are snails and in deference to the name the rolls are snail-shaped. But what was being served the night I was there was chicken which is broiled on a rotisserie built into the outside wall of the restaurant in front of the sidewalk. Another stove inside placed between the banks of long tables cooks octopus, paella which is rice, chicken, fish and as far as I can see whatever is on hand, Spanish bouillabaisse, and mountains of lobster and shrimp boiled and served cold. The wine is drunk Catalan fashion, which means one pours into one's face from a *porron*, a vessel with two spouts, one to pour the wine *in* and the other to pour it out. The proprietors, old hands at this custom, are able to pour it not only directly into their respective gullets, but also by detoured means, into the mouth by way of the upper lip or by way of the valley alongside the nose.

I'm afraid I never tire of the novelty of being in New York on one night sipping the local potables according to the prescribed fashion and then being in places like Los Caracoles in Barcelona the next, pouring from a *porron* and making a mess of the shirt front. Pan American now is flying DC-7Cs on its southern European run which means usually nonstop eastbound service from New York to Lisbon and then on to Barcelona by mid-morning. It is, as I say, still a feat considering the plane leaves Idlewild in the mid-afternoon. While the DC-7Cs remain, until the arrival of the jets, the last, or perhaps the latest word on speed, I am sorry to say no one can sell me on their comfort, or let us say their comparative comfort. I came home on the Pan Am Boeing out of Paris, and—sue me—it lumbers and takes longer, but the leg room, the service, the availability of a downstairs lounge, and for those lucky (and rich) enough to get them, the roomy berths are all I could want on a long distance airtrip. It's probably like talking into propwash, but even though the longest jet flights will be six or seven hours next year or the year after, I hope the airlines and the manufacturers they buy from, won't reduce all air travel to a rocket-propelled subway ride.

—HORACE SUTTON.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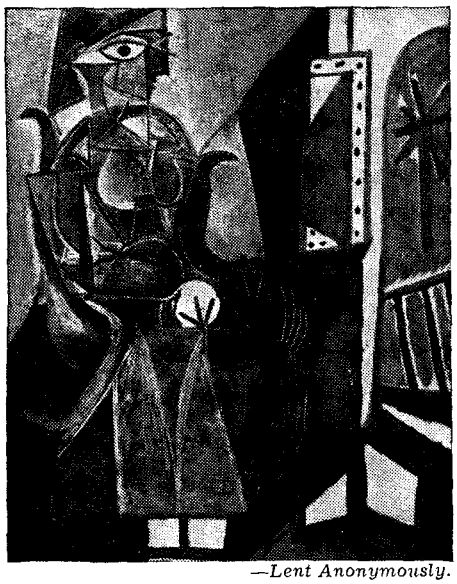
THE FINE ARTS

Pablo Picasso



—*Lent Anonymously.*

"Woman by a Window" (1956).

AS ORIGINALLY planned, the large retrospective exhibition of Picasso now current at the Museum of Modern Art and next season to be shown at Chicago's Art Institute and the Philadelphia Museum of Art, was to have included only works completed since the famed "Guernica" mural of 1937. But Alfred Barr, the show's director, explains in the exhibition catalogue that the plan was changed because a) a whole new generation has come to maturity since the Museum's huge Picasso display of 1939 and b) a show restricted to works of the past twenty years would necessarily have eliminated the bases of over-all comparison between various periods and styles on which any careful study of Picasso depends. Both reasons for the change in plan seem valid to me, yet of the two I find the second more important. In this day of the master's widespread publicity and frequent exhibitions, it would be hard for the young, however isolated, to be unaware of what Picasso's achievement and position have been. On the other hand, even those who have long known his work will catch their breath more than once on seeing the many new facets and unsuspected consistencies of lifelong aim revealed by the present show.

To begin in chronological reverse, I suppose the first question the exhibition answers is whether or not, at the age of seventy-five, Picasso's talents are as well preserved as the man himself. He is and always has been a prolific artist in many media, and he has the natural confidence of all great masters in the quality of anything to which he puts his hand. The penalty for such assurance, of course, is that he is not invariably right, and an international art market greedy for his works lately has absorbed a number of them which one day, I think, will rank as comparative duds. Only let's be sure we retain the word "comparative," and remember that we're measuring Picasso against himself. The man is so creative that almost none of his images, however meagre or hurried, lacks some trace of his authority. When we come to the "Jardinière with Ferns" and the "Woman by a Window" (see illustrations), painted only last year, we see Picasso at a peak of eloquence which he has not often transcended during his long, prodigious career.

The career began just before the turn of the century, and a small, carefully chosen group of paintings, watercolors and drawings executed between 1898 and 1901 makes Picasso's precociousness apparent in the current show, while two self-portraits of the latter year reveal the intensity of a very young man who was to become the foremost artist of his time.

The celebrated "Blue" period follows. Personally, I've never been very much taken with the big paintings of this period, with their overt pathos and mannered tonality. But there are several little-known and extremely fine watercolors of 1904 included, among them "Brooding Woman" and "Meditation," and there is the justly famous "Woman Ironing," which marks the beginning of the end of Picasso's preoccupation with the color blue. In 1904 the artist took a great stride forward, perhaps as a result of moving permanently to Paris. And soon he was producing such masterworks as the "Two Acrobats with Dog" and "Boy Leading a Horse." But part of the charm and excitement of the present show is that it often supplements the five-star canvases with more modest works of exceptional vitality, among them the exquisite drawing, "The Blind Flower Vendor," and the fine landscape painted at Gosol during the summer of 1906. The balance is redressed in the major direction by the monumental "Two Nudes" of the same year, a picture that foretells Picasso's giantesses of fifteen years later, though without neo-classical overtones.

In 1907 Picasso painted "Les Demoiselles d'Avignon," one of the key works in the evolution of cubism and "modern" art as a whole. I remember with discouraging humility that when the Museum of Modern Art acquired this picture in 1939, I didn't share Mr. Barr's faith in it on esthetic as opposed to art-historical grounds. That is the way with Picasso; you must be very careful about adverse judgments since, more than any other contemporary painter I can think of, he tends with the passage of time to refute previously-held opinions about given works. At any rate, the "Demoiselles" was cleaned a few years ago, and it emerges as a blazing and prophetic masterpiece, followed by such admirable pictures of the so-called "Negro" period as the "Woman in Yellow" (to be shown only in Chicago) and by the heady array of Picasso's early cubist paintings and drawings. Many of the latter are both famous and superb, as in the cases of "Girl with Mandolin," "Portrait of D. H. Kahnweiler" and "Ma Jolie." But since the emphasis in this show is sometimes on unexpected or unrecognized quality rather than fame, I'd like to mention the little "Le Torrero" of 1911—one of the liveliest jewels of the entire cubist movement.

The choice of 1912-14 collages is uniformly fine, though here, too, I'd single out a relatively unknown work, the smallish "Pipe, Glass, Bottle of Rum" of 1914. As to the paintings, I'd add what a pleasure it was to see again the "Woman in an Armchair" of 1913. I also looked forward eagerly to seeing again the "Portrait of a Girl" belonging (let some of our more conservative museum curators take note) to M. Georges Salles, Director of the National Museums of France, but the picture had not yet arrived. And then there is an engaging group of neo-classic paintings and drawings, executed between 1918 and 1925, with special emphasis on those tiny yet gigantic miniatures which constitute a *tour de force* of the highest order. Coming in the middle of Picasso's neo-classic period is the climactic cubist picture, "Three Musicians," and following it the resplendent and calm still-lifes of the mid-1920's, including "The Red Tablecloth."

The "Three Dancers" of 1925 announces awakened interest in psychological tensions, due at least in part to the influence of the surrealists, who became his friends at that time. Nevertheless, the man was too overpowering to be tied down to any emotional or stylistic formula. Presently he was creating the sumptuous little pictures of the Dinard series and

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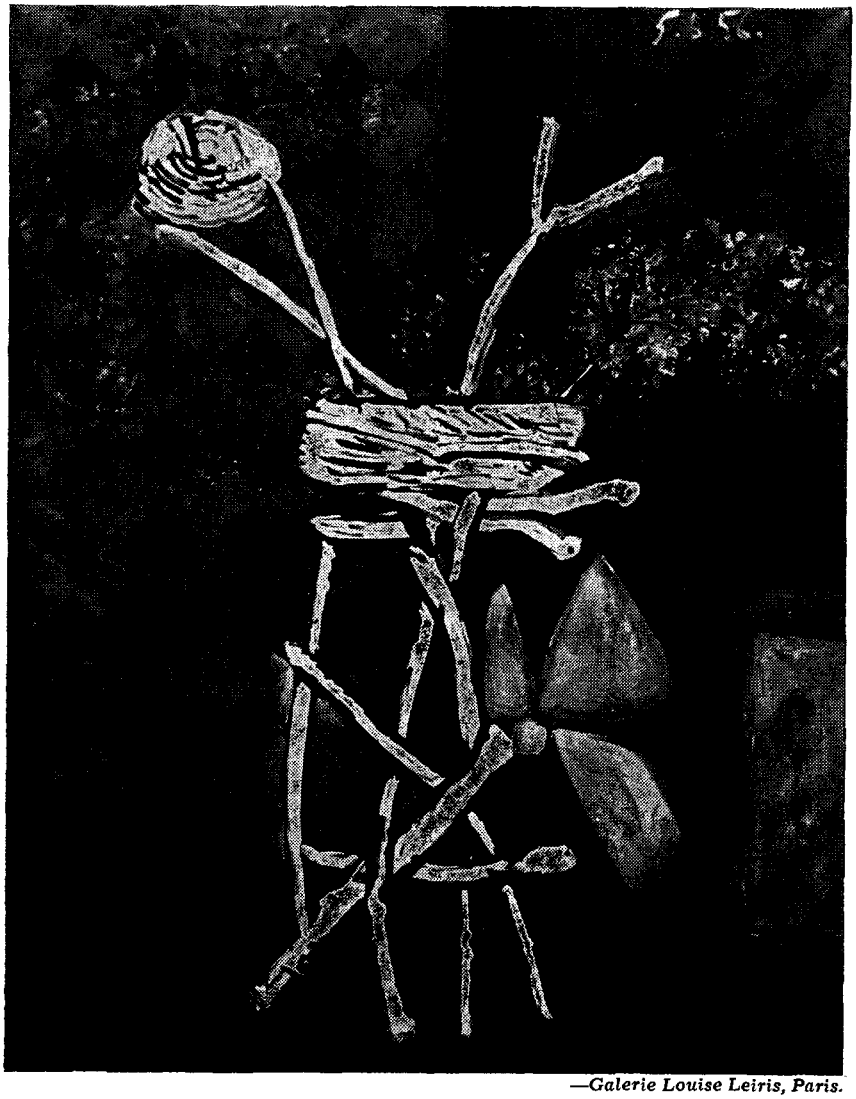
turning from his rather frightening "bone" paintings to so boisterous a fantasy as the "Bather Playing Ball" of 1932. There follows the "Girl Before a Mirror," which has never looked as handsome as in the present show, the fabulous "Guernica" and a large number of studies for and after it. There follows, too, the "Girl with Cock" of 1938 and what is to my mind the most beautiful (in the traditional sense) painting of Picasso's career—the "Night Fishing at Antibes" of 1939. And then there is an admittedly unbeautiful, indeed monstrous picture, "Woman Dressing her Hair," which I find haunting and superbly painted, as is the "First Steps" of 1943. Finally, there are the recent paintings, including two magic landscapes, some fine figure pieces like the wild-haired "Mme. H. P.," twelve of Picasso's paintings inspired by Delacroix's "Women of Algiers," and the amazingly fresh "Studio" of 1956. These in addition to the "Jardinière with Ferns" and the "Woman by a Window," mentioned earlier.

In this show particular emphasis is placed on Picasso as a sculptor. The medium has engrossed the artist at intervals since youth, and his sculptures seen in this quantity are overwhelmingly varied and strong—the peers of his best works in oil. There is no space here to deal with them in detail, but among sculptures of his later career the "Man with a Lamb," "Pregnant Woman," and "Baboon and Young" are masterworks and rank easily among the greatest sculptures of our time. The sculptures are supplemented by many marvelous drawings, chosen by the Museum's Curator of Prints, William S. Lieberman, and it is gratifying to learn that all of them have come from American collections. In brief, the show is a feast on which the citizenry of New York, Chicago, and Philadelphia can gorge without surfeit.

—James Thrall Soby.



—*Galerie Louise Leiris, Paris.*

"Jardinière with ferns" (1956).

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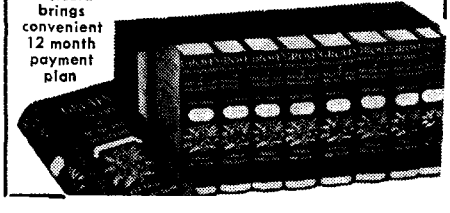

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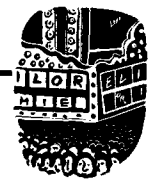

SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Ruritania Revisited

ALTHOUGH this is hardly an appropriate moment to reopen the question of the relative merits of the screen over the stage (or vice versa), there can be no doubt that Terence Rattigan's recent comedy, "The Sleeping Prince," has been vastly improved by its transformation into **"The Prince and the Showgirl"** (Warner Bros.). Part of that improvement may be traced to the wider canvas afforded by film, the opportunity to set down in detail the frills and furbelows of Edwardian elegance. But what gives "The Prince and the Showgirl" its special delight is the stylized work of its co-stars, Marilyn Monroe and Laurence Olivier, and the wit and grace of Olivier's direction.

Even in its screen adaptation Rattigan's play remains a slender fable, a Ruritarian romance with a few ironic twists and several implausible sentimental turns. The Regent of a mythical Balkan state, in London for the Coronation of George V, arranges to have an American chorus girl brought to his apartment for a midnight rendezvous. The girl—stout of heart, weak of mind—promptly falls in love with him and tries to heal the political breach between the Regent and his teen-age son, the Heir Apparent. Ironically, as so rarely happens in fiction when well-intended amateurs venture into the murky waters of international affairs, the girl is shown to have been all wrong; the young Prince's carefully plotted palace revolution could have precipitated World War I. But the girl effects a reconciliation between father and son, rides in triumph to the Coronation—and war is averted for a few more years. For the incurably romantic, there is the faint suggestion in the bittersweet ending that, once the Grand Duke is freed of the burdens of State, he will return once more to his joyous pursuit of Miss Monroe (although those of a more historical turn will realize that his regency over this mythical kingdom will conclude just about the time of World War I and he will be busier than ever).

But whether you prefer your endings logical or happy, Olivier has contrived a sophisticated farce that draws its best effects less from the convolutions of Terence Rattigan's plot than from the delightful characters he has stirred into it. Richard Wattis, a lean-jawed comedian who is rapidly becoming as familiar a figure in British films as the man with the hammer and gong, has a marvelous romp in the role of a harassed Foreign Office diplomat charged with the delicate task of keeping the Regent amused during his stay in London. Dame Sybil Thorndike appears all too briefly as a stately, imperious, and somewhat deaf Dowager Queen who persists in believing that Marilyn Monroe is a former roommate of Sarah Bernhardt and showers the startled girl with tokens of her respect. Sir Laurence himself foregoes an easy charm to build a fascinating character out of the vain, pompous, humorless, but astute and hard-working Regent, a man with all the human weaknesses but with many virtues as well. Maintaining the trace of a Slavic accent and a Prussian punctilliousness of gesture, he creates a portrait that is both amusing and sympathetic.

Perhaps his greatest achievement as star and director of this film, however, is his astute handling of Marilyn Monroe. He has permitted her to dominate the picture from the moment her shoulder-strap breaks as she courtseys before His Majesty to their final chin-up parting. In their innumerable scenes together, he has invariably staged the action so that screen center goes to his co-star. The incredible thing is that, paired with one of the most formidable acting talents of our time, she more than holds her own.

* * *

While **"The D. I."** (Warner Bros.) is presented with all the flat, deadpan, documentary earnestness that Jack Webb has made his special trade mark, it is often difficult to believe that this story of Marine boot training at Parris Island contains more than the merest semblance of reality. Webb swaggers through his role of T/Sgt. Moore, demon drill instructor, bellowing forth such rounded periods as, "A dead Marine is never tired. A dead Marine is just dead." Nurtured by a constant barrage of such profound observations and an endless round of petty harassments, his men —addressed as "idiots" by their D. I. —are transformed into good, live Marines in twelve short weeks. At least, according to Mr. Webb. Clearly, "The D. I." will do nothing to swell Corps enlistments.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

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PERSONAL HISTORY

Mary Was an Orphan

—*Kevin McCarthy.*

Mary McCarthy—"rescued at eleven."

"Memories of a Catholic Girlhood," by Mary McCarthy *(Harcourt, Brace. 245 pp. $3.95), offers the reminiscences of a leading novelist and critic. It is reviewed by the author of "The Love Letters of Phyllis McGinley" and other volumes of verse.*

By Phyllis McGinley

NO VIRTUE is more intimidating than truth-telling; it can be the very Medusa of a virtue, turning hearts to stone. Fortunately, it is nearly impossible of accomplishment. For truth, no matter how plain or unvarnished, is also so multiple-faced that few can see it whole. Mary McCarthy has had a try at it in the latest of her brilliant books "Memories of a Catholic Girlhood," and it is a highly talented try. Whether she has succeeded or not no one can say for a certainty, since she is writing of the past and of a childhood past besides, where the landscape always seems larger than life and either lit by an impossible sun or darkened by gigantic shadow. At least, however, she seems to have come as near the truth as is rationally probable; and she has contrived a new technique for doing so.

"Memories of a Catholic Girlhood" consists of nine autobiographical stories, incidents if you like, told with the cool competence and style one has learned to expect of a McCarthy invention. But these, she takes pains to assure us, are not inventions at all. These things happened to her. The facts have been sieved, sorted, rinsed free from the silt of rumor and conjecture. And lest the shape of the stories should seem too neat for truth, she has added, at the end of each, a chapter of comment in which she pares away the fictional flourishes from each event. Everything she has to say is breathlessly interesting and entirely believable.

It is also, at times, rather horrifying. Mary McCarthy was six and the oldest of four children when her father and mother set out from Seattle to make their home in Minneapolis. The time was 1918. En route, everyone in the party came down with flu and neither parent survived the journey. The four orphans (and never was that lugubrious noun more appropriately applied) found themselves handed over to a sort of Midwestern Dotheboys Hall, in the care of a puritanically stern Aunt Margaret and a wicked Uncle Myers straight out of the Brothers Grimm. Uncle Myers is the only monstrous character; he is a true grotesque, as heavily evil in his dull-witted way as a Belsen jailer. Aunt Margaret is simply rigorous; Grandfather McCarthy has thought to spare only for business and his arthritis; the Grandmother "who looked like a bull-dog" is too self-satisfied to believe her own decisions could be anything but pleasant for all concerned. Anyone who has lived among certain prosperous and bigoted Irish-Americans will recognize the pattern she was made on—that of a "cold, grudging, disputatious old woman who sat all day in her sunroom making tapestries, scanning religious periodicals, and setting her iron jaw against any infractions of her ways . . . The extermination of Protestantism, rather than spiritual perfection, was the boon she prayed for."

Mary was rescued at eleven and brought permanently to Seattle to live with her other grandparents, the Prestons. Whether or not it was a happy ending, one is only allowed to surmise; for the tone of the book is consistent—light, dry, unsentimental. Its relentless compassion may even disappoint readers who expect the savage irony which informed "The Groves of Academe" and "A Charmed Life."

Several chapters, particularly those describing her brief but startling career at the Convent of the Sacred Heart and her later escapades at the Annie Wright Seminary, are downright charming—an epithet I hope Miss McCarthy will forgive me for using. The final dissection of her Jewish Grandmother Preston, the beautiful, prosaic materialist to whom "love was a foreign concept," is as affectionate as it is unsparing. (In fact, the only genuinely satiric touch is the book's title with its overtones of Agnes Repplier.)

"This," Miss McCarthy implies on every page, "is the truth as I have seen it, thought it out, pieced it together." Only once is she guilty of a premise which seems to me to have no validity at all. She wonders in her foreword "To the Reader" what her life might have been like had she not been orphaned. "We would have been," she writes, "a united Catholic family, rather middle-class and wholesome . . . I can see myself married to an Irish lawyer and playing golf and bridge, making occasional retreats, and subscribing to a Catholic Book Club. I suspect I would be rather stout." This is pure fiction. Environment does not count that much. One can imagine her a Catholic still, perhaps a fanatic one. She might even be a nun, a neo-Jansenist reforming her community into a little Port Royal. One can picture her in any number of difficult, sharp-witted, fervent roles; but as the happy wife and mother, no. There is not that much triteness in her.

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Woman of Success

"Silver Platter," by Ellin Berlin *(Doubleday. 454 pp. $4.95), is a reconstruction, by her granddaughter, of the life of the young widow who married silver miner John Mackay and wound up twenty years later draped in the ex-Empress Eugenie's best lace.*

By Helen Beal Woodward

LOUISE was sick of poverty, "sick of its airless ugly rooms and its greasy ill-cooked food. She was sick of the respectable edge of failure . . . She was young and pretty. There was no sin in ambition. In a man it was counted a virtue and a woman could achieve only through a man."

So she married John Mackay, the up-and-coming silver miner, and when the bonanza vein of the Comstock lode made him one of the richest men alive his wife was ready to grapple for her share of the power and the glory. "I'll not let you call yourself a climber, Louise," said John uncomfortably as she laid her plans for storming the Parisian social heights. "Don't be silly," she snapped. "It's what I am." John had promised her the whole damn world on a silver platter and she meant to use his largesse to the limit, along with whatever she had of brains and luck and charm, to ferret her way to the top of the social heap. As John pointed out, what other field was there for a woman?"

"Silver Platter" is the true story of the little Widow Bryant, who sewed for a living for herself and her crippled daughter in Virginia City, Nevada, in 1867, and wound up twenty years later loaded with diamonds and draped in the ex-Empress Eugénie's point d'Alencon lace, Europe's hostess with the mostes'. In telling her story the author must have had some difficult decisions to make. The author is Ellin Berlin, who is Mrs. Mackay's granddaughter (besides being, of course, Mrs. Irving Berlin) and her decision surely involved the way in which her heroine was to be presented. Since the book was to be a labor of love and to some degree a family memoir (it is dedicated to Mrs. Berlin's grandchildren), should it come right out and use the ugly term "social climber" in describing Granny? and if so, should Granny's ambition be condoned or criticized? And what attitude—amused? shocked? patronizing?—should be taken toward the nineteenth century's honest snobbery and unblushing ostentation, qualities today so unfashionable, at least in their crasser forms?

Mrs. Berlin has resolved her problems with tact and considerable detachment. She has chosen to depict Granny against the ethical standards of her time rather than ours, and to define her ambition as a symptom of the century's restless itch to conquer. When Louise Mackay bagged a Prince of Wales for a guest of honor or an Italian Prince Colonna for a son-in-law she was doing in the social sphere what her husband had done when he defeated Jay Gould in the battle of Western Union v. Postal Telegraph. Louise's values are not questioned in "Silver Platter," her triumphs are properly applauded, and if some of the triumphs turned hollow, as when her princely Italian son-in-law proved to be a fortune hunter and a sadist, that fact is sensitively left for the reader to conclude without the author's moralizing nudge.

Having decided to stand up for Granny, Mrs. Berlin then overdid the thing a bit. Her Louise Mackay is so idealized as to come dangerously close to dullness. She is a nice little girl, a noble little wife to the gentlemanly drunkard who was her first husband, a model daughter, sister, and mother. She and her second husband never have so much as a spat; instead, they exchange sentiments of love and loyalty every few pages, and whatever the "old lady" does is ginger-peachy with John. Even when she overrules him on the name of their younger son, he goes right on beaming proudly.

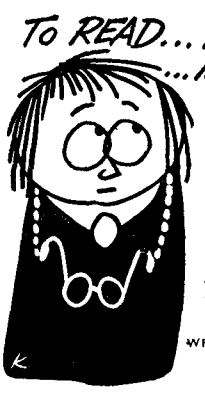
—*From the book.*

Mrs. Mackay—"bonanza queen."

A competent if not a memorable writer, Mrs. Berlin handles dialogue deftly and produces some shrewd observations, such as her comments on the mutual attraction of Americans and royalty. Her addiction to the elementary declarative sentence, however, sometimes gives her prose the flavor of fun-with-Dick-and-Jane. There are times, too, when her fascination with her own research shows through. Sample:

> "But Daniel, there's so much expense . . . I try, dear knows I try. I go to McMillan's for our groceries."
>
> "The quick-sales and small profits chap? Clever slogan he uses . . ."

Only the most indulgent reader, a member of the family or an avid student of society columns, will escape feeling surfeited by the parade of Mrs. Mackay's parties. All those orchids and roses, those Hungarian orchestras and *truffes au champagne,* those gowns of garnet velvet and old-rose satin looped with rubies! Here Mrs. Berlin's natural wish as a historian to include as much as possible has collided with the novelist's obligation to be selective. This is a pity, for the story of the bonanza queen, her climb from anonymity to social success and the effect of her ambition upon her descendants would seem to offer Comstock-rich pickings for a writer, especially one with Ellin Berlin's background. In general she has handled her raw material well. If only she had not spread it so thick!



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LIZ WAS A DIPSO: "This trip is to Skid Row and gone. The Skid Row with silk sheets," writes author Elizabeth Burns in the first chapter of **"The Late Liz: The Autobiography of an Ex-Pagan"** (Appleton-Century-Crofts, $3.95). And indeed it is for Liz, for Miss Burns was born the daughter of a wealthy Scotch immigrant who "handed her the moon framed in platinum." Her mother, an unobtrusive shadow abhorred by her husband, left the scene when Liz was ten. From then on it was schools and culture in Europe, Smith College, martinis, and a succession of husbands whom she successively describes as: "The Bull," "the Business Machine," and "the sex Houdini wriggling out of emotional possibilities so neatly as to kid himself." When the sex Houdini told her: "Get lost. Go off and die," Liz took thirteen sleeping pills. Instead of being laid under a marble slab, however, she experienced a religious conversion which radically changed her life, but not, alas, her penchant for turning a phrase. "If you're the Holy Joe type," she warns, "this [book] could shock you straight out of your Halo." This reader, for one, found no wish to question Miss Burns's thesis nor her conversion (which was overwhelming if somewhat stereotyped), merely her use of the King's English which reads like a corned-up version of an Ernest Hemingway novel. Would it be amiss, for instance, to suggest that God be referred to simply as God and not as "the Big One"?

—E. P. MONROE.

FRASER YOUNG'S
LITERARY CRYPT NO. 728

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 728 will be found in the next issue.

PTHFTHFD HR PTB PLQTHFD

GC PTB RGNQ EHPT HPRBQC.

ZQLPG

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 727

Some people can stay longer in an hour than others can in a week.

—W. D. HOWELLS.

Bad Men in the South Seas

"Rascals in Paradise," by James A. Michener and Grove Day *(Random House. 374 pp. $4.75) offers racy accounts of ten colorful scoundrels who carried on in the South Seas.*

By Darwin Teilhet

NOT since Sam Clemens and Robert Louis Stevenson closed up shop in the Pacific has a gallery been opened as richly and satisfyingly mounted as "Rascals in Paradise," its proprietors those two gifted hands, Messrs. Michener and Day. (Though, let's be fair, J. C. Furnas's 1948 "Anatomy of Paradise" would still run a close second.)

Mr. James A. Michener and Professor A. Grove Day of the University of Hawaii offer ten portraits in full and nearly fifty in miniature of the most notable South Sea pirates, blackbirders, scoundrels, and various insurrectionists against society, including the infamous Doña Isabel and a hilariously tender tribute to Tahiti's late Edgar Leeteg.

Edgar Leeteg was a rebellious little sign painter from Sacramento who fled to Tahiti in the early 1930s. His works of art were first discovered and cherished by bartenders and madams of sinful houses around the Pacific and he lived long enough for his nudes on black velvet to sell as collectors' items at prices as high as $7,000 and to hear himself hailed as the American Gauguin. While the collaborators describe one of Leeteg's regular Tuesday forays against Papeete with the gusto of an eyewitness on the spot, all the same it is with a feeling of sympathy for this insurrectionist against himself and his times. The reader cannot help but remember that in "Hawaii and Its People" Day had a sensitive eye for all forms of visual expression and in his "The Floating World" Michener revealed his interest in the artist's problems.

But Edgar Leeteg's is only one of these captivating and sometimes disturbing portraits of half-forgotten South Seas worthies. The authors have given a hard look at the blood-stained young Samuel Comstock who tried to set up a kingdom for himself in the Marshalls after leading the terrifying mutiny of the whaler *Globe* in 1824. They present possibly the most callously sinister confidence man of all times, Charles du Breil, of the tragic South Seas bubble of the 1880s. Contrasted with the extraordinary sea raids of the Chinese buc-

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Garden Without Flowers
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caneer, Iquan, and those of his son, Coxinga, admiral of nine hundred ships and conqueror of Formosa, are the more familiar raids by English privateers in the Spanish Main.

Buccaneers and pirates are not the only rascals in the Pacific Messrs. Michener and Day present. There are also the great Walter Murray Gibson, who actually swindled over the island of Lanai for himself; Bully Hayes, big as an ox, suave as a church warden, terrorizing the Pacific for thirty some years; that profanely tempered Admiral William Bligh, for whom the *Bounty's* mutiny was only one in a career besplattered by such incidents; that "bitch" Doña Isabel, searching for King Solomon's fabulous islands, more sharply perceived than by either Robert Graves or the late Felix Riesenberg; and still others, impatient and turbulent, and all having in common the desire to seek solace and fulfillment in the broad Pacific.

"Rascals in Paradise" is commodiously informed, rich in detail, wonderfully varied, and a joy to read. One finishes it with the feeling not of surfeit but of wanting yet more, please. If ever an enlarged edition is contemplated, assuredly a few readers in Hawaii and along the West Coast to Alaska will hope Mr. Michener and Professor Day may next consider the subtle Dr. Georg Anton Scheffer, filibusterer and secret agent who tried to capture Hawaii for Russia in King Kamehameha's time. And two such accomplished Pacific hands ought to give a hard look at the Yankee blackbirding of the 1700s off the Madagascar coast, when many thousands of ivory-and golden-skinned Malagasy girls, sold at premium prices as African slaves in Charleston, introduced Melanesian and Polynesian strains into the American people.

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"A remarkable psychological thriller... delicate restraint... wordly elegance." Milwaukee Journal $3.50

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HATE could not make her a CONVERT

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FARAWAY ISLE: Truly out of this world is the island Kerguelen. It lies not far from the Antarctic Circle between Africa and Australia. Mean and bitter and inhospitable as it is, it deserves its isolation, yet André Migot recalls it in **"Thin Edge of the World"** (Little, Brown, $4.50) with such fondness as only a monk could have for his cell. He is an odd man and he indeed was twice a monk, of the Cistercian and Buddhist orders. He had traveled from the Alps to the plateaus of Tibet in search of solitude, finally to find this hair-shirt of an island with a French scientific expedition, of which he was doctor and research biologist.

The principal use of Kerguelen is meteorological, and because international law requires that it be actually occupied and administered, the mission which Dr. Migot joined was sent to "reaffirm French sovereignty, establish a permanent base and meteorological station, to see whether it was possible to build an air base, to investigate the sealing trade, and to carry out biological and geographical research."

The wind howled down from Mount Ross (6,000 feet) at ninety miles an hour, the dust from the topsoil infiltrated the kitchen and hospital and abraded the spirits of those fifty isolated men. Reciprocal hatred became their social disease, driving the author to the company of the island's wild life. The beach was hummocked with two-ton sea elephants, and coming to greet him courteously were four species of penguin, the females carrying their eggs between their feet. And there were the stinking skua birds, the brawny petrels, and the albatrosses.

What one misses in this book is the scientific data accrued, some report of Dr. Migot's "contemplations," which were the ostensible object of his loneliness, and, since he was none the less surrounded by men perforce interesting, some description of them as individuals. It is good sleeping bag reading. —HASSOLDT DAVIS.

EXOTIC HONEYMOON: "Any Old Place with You," by William Zinsser (Simon & Schuster, $3.50), proves that it isn't such a cinch to write up a bunch of travel anecdotes so they'll convulse the reader the way they did one's encouraging friends. Maybe because the *New York Herald Tribune's* usually

amusing film critic tried too hard to be funny, the first portion of his log is pretty heavy—and he's a fellow who can think up some exotic destinations: the Belgian Congo, Kenya, the Nile, Jakarta, Cambodia, Thailand. On a honeymoon with a bride as blonde and witty as the one quoted by Mr. Zinsser, is it so disastrous (and hence so hilarious) that the ship failed to provide ping pong? Or (considering the Atlantic's mid-October breezes) that the swimming pool was moistened solely with scrub water? Intrepid he is not, according to his account of an anti-climactic venture into the Nairobi game reserve, where after waiting until nightfall just to see a lion, he began to distrust the park guard's assurance that the couple would be safe inside the car and ordered the driver to retreat.

However, when Mr. Zinsser is not straining to be a fall-guy and simply reports, without redundant comment, what happened on various of his jaunts, the stories offer both humanity and humor. Take the time he was linked with potluck companions in the ancient temple city of Angkor:

> Can we join you? [asked a Mr. Bodkin]. I've gotta talk to someone. This place is driving me buggo. We're paying good dough to see a crumb-bum joint out in the damn woods. . . . I personally never heard of this place, but we were coming out here to see India —now *there's* a country—that Taj Mahal is a real sweetheart—and our travel agent told Irene—that's Mrs. Bodkin—that we'd be nuts to come this far and not see Angkor. How did you get stuck? [And he suggested a reunion in New York.] We'll really do it up—maybe see some fights or go to the track. We'll look back on this weekend like it was some kind of lousy dream. —ROCHELLE GIRSON.

"The Innocent Ambassadors," by Philip Wylie (Rinehart, $4.95), is a combination global travelogue, jeremiad on Communism, and valentine to Mrs. Wylie. Mr. Wylie gets emotional about a number of matters, and among them are tourists like the Bodkins.

> These people [he writes] do not represent America . . . the knowl-

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edge in America, the understanding, the capacity for brotherhood, the willingness to learn, the widespread ability to evaluate truly or the common wish to appreciate correctly. Those are endowments of millions of educated or decently bred Americans who are mostly younger than the tourists and nearly always so much less concerned with money that they are unable to afford travel as mere sport. . . . We should send young Americans abroad in great numbers. . . . But [they] will have to be screened. Because our average citizen is unfit to mingle with humanity. . . . The war ahead will not involve a total struggle with arms—but a war for souls.

Without challenging that screening business (and presuming we are fit to mingle with humanity), we regret that Mr. Wylie, a preacher's son, did not particularize on how such proselytizing can be affected by the young, or even the average well-meaning, medium-aged, medium-salaried persons who constitute a fair share of American tourists—beyond implying that they emulate the Wylies, who, it appears from his book, were admired in the best society as exemplary democrats. Although he offers some valuable ripostes to anti-American tirades, it would have been genuinely instructive if the Wylies could have reported missionary achievements as non-celebrity citizens (perhaps for them an impossibility), if they had wound their way around the world tourist class instead of spending more than $20,000 in less than three months, and were not met by reporters at every airport, if they were not showered with invitations to the homes of dignitaries in each country that they visited—in short, if he could have offered a manual for those who have darned few letters of introduction to foreigners overseas.

The opportunities most of us have to meet the natives of any country on a brief trip are largely limited to the hotel help and passengers on common carriers, during which as a rule we clam up, because—and this is one area in which Mr. Wylie really could holler for some changes—our public schools don't equip us to save souls in other tongues. And evidently our presence in large numbers abroad too subtly testifies to the rewards of capitalism.

Mostly Mr. Wylie covers the East—Hawaii, Japan, China, India, and Lebanon—because influenza downed the Wylies in Europe. Wherever he went he jotted down graphic reactions to the people, the food, the beauty, the horrors—and the cerebrations they provoked on religion, philosophy, and sex. If the author was frequently troubled, he also got some laughs showing the Thais how to rumba. And if his wagging finger becomes irritating, he also has had the humility to admit to his own flaws, sometimes allowing Mrs. Wylie paragraphs of quotes with which to berate him. Anyway, we know all that parental scolding is only motivated by his deep love for mom and the kids. —R. G.

Pick of the Paperbacks

A DAUGHTER OF THE MIDDLE BORDER. *By Hamlin Garland. Sagamore.* $1.45. This second volume of the autobiography of the Son of the Middle Border and Pulitzer Prize winner for biography recounts his years of writing, travel, marriage, and friendships.

KING ARTHUR AND HIS KNIGHTS. *By Sir Thomas Malory. Houghton Mifflin.* 85¢. Selections from the fifteenth-century soldier-adventurer's classic work on the days when knighthood was in flower.

WALDEN. *By Henry David Thoreau. Houghton Mifflin.* 65¢. Thoreau's solitary experience by the shores of a Massachusetts pond are bold evidence of his "irrepressible satisfaction with the gift of life."

THE PAINTED VEIL. *By W. Somerset Maugham. Pocket Books.* 35¢. Prewar China is the setting of this novel about a woman who finds herself in love for the first time and with a man who is not her husband.

HIS FIFTY YEARS OF EXILE (ISRAEL POTTER). *By Herman Melville. Sagamore.* $1.25. Benjamin Franklin, John Paul Jones, Ethan Allen, and the common soldier of the Revolution, Israel Potter, bob up in this narrative of colonial America.

DANGEROUS ACQUAINTANCES. *By Choderlos de Laclos. Translated by Richard Aldington. New Directions.* $1.55. Even eighteenth-century Paris was shocked by this coldly brilliant novel, the sole literary effort of a French army officer, about a world-weary marquise and a calculating vicomte who plot the seduction of the innocent.

THE HIGHER LEARNING IN AMERICA. *By Thorstein Veblen. Sagamore.* $1.25. Although written forty years ago, this analysis of the university system with its discussion of governing boards and vocationalism still has pertinence.

THE FLUSH TIMES OF ALABAMA AND MISSISSIPPI. *By James G. Baldwin. Sagamore.* $1.25. Sketches and anecdotes of frontier life by a nineteenth-century politician of the Old Southwest whose observations of contemporary modes and manners belong in any collection of American humor.

BLEAK HOUSE. *By Charles Dickens. Houghton Mifflin.* $1.25. A prodigious novel, dark and complex, in which Dickens storms against the inequalities of the judicial system.

THE ANVIL OF CIVILIZATION. *By Leonard Cotterell. Mentor.* 50¢. A concise illustrated survey of those ancient kingdoms (Egyptian, Assyrian, Babylonian, Greek) whose advanced civilizations have influenced Western culture.

A MODERN INSTANCE. *By William Dean Howells. Houghton Mifflin.* 85¢. Love, marriage, and divorce are the substance of this fine novel by a too little esteemed American.

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Writers and Writing

Continued from page 21

tragedy, once he is past the Shakespearean epoch. The Greeks take up a third of his book. The Elizabethans and the French neo-classical tragic writers account for a generous second portion. This leaves him only seventy-five pages for everything since the death of Racine, and as he expends ten of these on Richard Wagner, modern drama is put to rather desperate shrift to get in at all. And his treatment of modern drama leaves me a little dizzy.

There are four casual references to Schiller, two to Shelley, neither of which touches "The Cenci," and one sentence on Hebbel, who, it seems, merely "prepared the ground by his dramatic theory" and one play for Ibsen. Kleist and Grillparzer are not here, nor is Otway, nor a good many other "modern" dramatists. And though Mr. Muller has a perfect right to dwell upon any plays he chooses, by omitting a whole vast gallery of authors and dramas he has omitted one of the essential themes of tragedy in the "modern" era—the conflict of the individual with the nation-state. The consequence of this omission is to throw his discussion of Western tragedy askew. For him tragedy from Ibsen to Sartre is a private and individual sorrow—O Lord, I believe! Help thou my unbelief! It was not thus that a whole rich line of development in the European theatre defined the "tragic" spirit. "Prinz Friedrich von Hamburg" and "Herod und Marianne" surely carry as much tragic weight as does "The Cocktail Party" or "The Flies."

On the other hand, though I think Mr. Muller's book is thus lopsided, his judgments are frequently shrewd and independent. He can't stand Corneille and Racine, and he says so. He disagrees root and branch with a good many judgments by T. S. Eliot. He has read all the better books about the Greeks, but he makes up his own mind about Greek plays. I wish he had shown the same independence about Shakespeare, but with the Bard of Avon he follows the fashionable line of worrying about "Hamlet" as modern psychology and dwelling at some length on "Troilus and Cressida" and "Lear." It is, I think, this determination to be contemporary that leads him to slight a play like "Julius Caesar." His volume is informed and reasonable and "humanistic"; only I don't think it ever meets and solves its problems.

—Self-Portrait by Baudelaire.

TORTURED POET: To what extent can a poet's own letters present his portrait? That question is raised by a newly published selection of letters, **"Baudelaire: A Self Portrait,"** translated and edited with a running commentary by Lois Boe Hyslop and Francis E. Hyslop, Jr. (Oxford University Press, $6). About one hundred of Baudelaire's letters—one tenth of his total—reveal a life racked by poverty, illness, and assorted frustrations. The editors have smoothly translated the letters and set them in a factual matrix of Baudelaire's entire life. It was so consistently and continuously tortured, as described in his accents of self-pity, that it seems as monotonous as that of a sober poet undeviatingly virtuous. By contrast, the interesting letters are those in which Baudelaire discusses his literary enthusiasms, particularly Poe, and the publication of his poems "Fleurs du Mal." Several of these poems, embedded in his letters, give the reader samples of his fine, disciplined poetry.

The editors remark that Baudelaire was astonishingly frank and yet a consummate actor. But how can these contradictory aspects be reconciled? The subtitle of the book is its defense, for these letters do not present a portrait but a *self* portrait. This volume is an excellent introduction to a poet who found it too easy to lay his heart bare.

—Robert Halsband.

Mr. Lyward's Answer
By MICHAEL BURN

". . . a remarkable man doing a remarkable job . . ."
New Yorker
$3.95

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The World

Continued from page 20

emphasis on the limitations imposed by poverty, history, and conflicting national interests on these lands' voluntary "westernization." Allowing for Professor Baran's anti-Western premises, much of his criticism of the West's role appears valid. It seems neither possible nor necessary to deny that United States foreign policy as a rule puts American military needs and also our private investments abroad above any contrary interests of the underdeveloped countries involved, and that much of our cultural and economic aid is either naively inept or determined by specifically American interests. If nothing else, Baran's criticisms thus deflate some of the self-righteousness and altruistic professions with which Americans like to envelop their foreign policy. The fact that the author is silent (or apologetic) about a very similar Soviet concentration on its own national interests weakens his criticisms morally but does not invalidate them factually.

Of lesser scope, and of less current interest, is "The Critique of Capitalist Democracy," by Stanley W. Moore, a former philosophy professor at Reed College. If Baran's work is broad, urbane, and erudite, that of Moore austerely concentrates on its specific goal: to present "an introduction to the theory of the state in Marx, Engels, and Lenin." This reviewer is most dubious about any attempt—including this one—to weave into a single theory many scattered statements by many writers of many times and places. The general picture that emerges will not be novel to readers of "The Communist Manifesto" and Lenin's "State and Revolution." But Moore's method of detailed exploration, exegesis, and classification of all original sources has also brought together material that is much less familiar. On a topic like Marxism, where all sides usually rehash other people's formulas and facts, this is a rare contribution.

It is easy enough to dismiss Moore's book or Baran's for the Soviet-type thinking and language they contain. This is beside the point. The point is, as these devoutly Marxist works show, that an anti-Western and pro-Soviet view can be advanced in a fashion both scholarly and thoughtful.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Nos. 2, 3, 5, 7, 9 are correct as given. 1. "A little learning." 4. "tattered ensign." 6. "Full many a flower." 8. "This above all." 10. "Happy Christmas."

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Isms

Continued from page 12

state. The predominantly urban society of the twentieth century imposes new methods if liberalism is to remain faithful to its old goals.

So contemporary American liberalism believes in the affirmative state, not as an end in itself but as the indispensable means in the industrial era of promoting the countervailing pluralisms of society. It believes that the national government has the ultimate responsibility to maintain economic growth, but thinks that this responsibility is best exercised through indirect means—*i.e.*, fiscal and monetary policy—rather than by physical controls or attempts on the part of government to supersede entrepreneurial decision. It believes in the welfare state—that is, in the obligation resting on government to provide levels of education, medical care, housing, and income below which no person should be allowed to fall. It believes in a mixed economy—that is, in an economy characterized by a diversification of ownership and control. It hopes for a new sense of vitality and responsibility in the private and voluntary sectors of society. And it wants a foreign policy which will express to the world, not the seedy fumblings of sanctimonious corporation lawyers and tired businessmen, but the bold and creative drive of the American spirit.

But its essential preoccupation remains the individual; and liberalism sees as the greatest need in America —and as the condition precedent to much else—the revival of individual spontaneity. It demands the elimination of barriers based on race, religion, or national origin. It seeks the widest amount of uninhibited discussion consistent with the safety of the nation (and believes that America is much stronger than those think who fear it will fall before the first subversive whisper). And I think it will come increasingly to see that the greatest threat to American liberty today comes not from outer coercion but from inner weakness. Senator McCarthy misled us about the problem of American freedom by presenting it in terms of the drama of intimidation and fear. The greater danger is far subtler: it is less from the people who do not want others to be free than from the people who do not want to be free themselves, who feel themselves rendered guilty by deviation and threatened by dissent, whose whole aspiration is to merge their identity with the group.

What liberalism must resist is the tendency to turn America into one great and genuinely benevolent company town — the bland leading the bland. It must oppose the drift into the homogenized society. It must fight spiritual unemployment, as it once fought economic unemployment. It must concern itself with the quality of popular culture and the character of the lives to be lived in our abundant society. As it does these things, it will turn to new programs and new techniques; but, as it does these things ably and honestly, it will keep the faith with its oldest goals.

CONSERVATISM

Mr. Buckley is the young man who stirred up the animals with "God and Man at Yale," a polemic on the need for firmer doctrine on morals and politics in American colleges. More recently he has become the editor of The National Review, *a magazine that especially encourages the voices of the "new conservatism."*

By WILLIAM BUCKLEY, JR.

ALL THIS talk about reverence for one's ancestors is all very well, Richard Weaver recently admonished, but which ones? The question was rhetorical. Mr. Weaver knows perfectly well which ones, for he is a conservative. And conservatism is the tacit acknowledgment that the truly important in human experience is behind us; that the truly crucial battles have been fought, and that it is given to man to know what are the great truths that emerged from them. Whatever is yet to come, in science or philosophy, cannot outweigh the importance, to man, of what has gone before.

There is nothing so marvelous as the nihilist or relativist (or the believer in the kind of academic freedom that postulates an equality of ideas) who complains of the anti-intellectualism of American conservatives. Such is *our* respect for the human mind that we pay it the supreme honor; we credit it with having arrived at certain great conclusions. We believe that centuries of intellection have served an objective purpose. Certain problems have been disposed of. Certain questions, I am saying, are closed: and with reference to that fact the conservative orders his life and, to the extent he is called upon by the circumstances to do so, the life of the community.

Elsewhere Mr. Weaver has remarked the fact that, for a number

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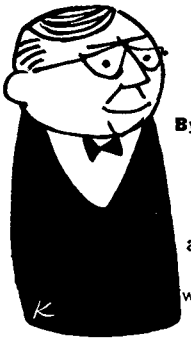

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of interesting reasons, conservatism has become a godword. That is why so many persons of divers political and philosophical faiths are scurrying about reaching for the label. The raw majority have, unfortunately, the inalienable right to take over a word (look what they have done to "liberal"!), and perhaps they will ultimately take over "conservatism." But if so, their victory will be empty, for conservatism will have ceased to evoke those things that now render the word attractive. The majority do *not* have the power to alter or in any way abuse the truths that conservatism now designates. The meaning of words can be transmuted; but the truths that are the faith of the conservative cannot. They are immune to such attrition. They are incorruptible and imperishable, and reason will always yield them up.

COLONIALISM

At the end of a long career in the Indian Civil Service that culminated in the post of Tutor and Governor to the Hyderabad Princes, Mr. Mason composed a history of the British Raj ("The Men Who Ruled India") and came home to London to write novels and serve as Director of Studies in Race Relations at the Royal Institute of International Affairs.

By PHILIP MASON

I HAVE looked up the words "colony" and "colonization" in four large books whose total weight is well over twenty pounds. And I may say at once that I never use the word "colony" to mean: "The entire aggregation of zooids of a compound animal," though it seems that some people do. I do however use it in quite a few different ways without, as a rule, considering the exact implications. As for "colonialism," it is a rude if not a dirty word to many Americans, and incidentally to Moscow, much less so to most Englishmen. My dictionaries, published in 1885 to 1893, quote American writers as usually speaking of the "trammels of colonialism," while they record the complacent and now strangely old-fashioned remark of A. V. Dicey: "English colonialism works well enough."

Bees and the ancient Greeks have had quite a different idea of a colony from Romans, Spaniards, Frenchmen, Portuguese, and (I suspect) zooids. Bees send out a colony (and, if the beemaster is not careful, three or four colonies) every summer, and at once each colony starts on a life of its own. The Greeks did the same when land was short or whenever a change in government gave a hint that it would be wise. The Greek colony had as a rule no connection with the parent except in religion; the bees, so far as one knows, not even that. Their colony was not a dependency. The Roman colony on the other hand was at first a garrison in conquered territory; its first function was to keep the peace, its indirect task to spread respect for Roman law and Roman habits; the idea was a Gaul or Britain in which the natives were completely Romanized. That has been the spirit of French and Portuguese colonialism, to a lesser extent of Belgian and Spanish. Portuguese East Africa is a part of Portugal and an African who has passed the prescribed tests of civilization becomes a Portuguese citizen in every sense. He must live with one wife and be well spoken of by his parish priest, he must eat from a table, write Portuguese, own property, or have a job. In theory, the mission of Portugal beyond the seas will be complete when every African in every territory is *asimilado*, a black Portuguese. The French and Belgians too aimed at assimilation, though lately both begin to waver in their certainty.

The English and Scots, despising theory, have varied their ideal of a colony, inclining now towards the Roman and now towards the Greek. Before the American Revolution a colony was England across the seas. From 1774 until say 1947, there was a double picture; in the empty countries there were colonies of English-speaking people who would develop their own institutions until nothing held them to the mother country but common sentiment—the Greek ideal; there were other possessions in which lived "half-tamed savage peoples" (as Kipling wrote) who had still to learn respect for law and how to govern themselves. But even here the ideal is not Roman or Portuguese. When "the improvement of the natives reaches such a pitch" (I quote from the Governor of Bombay in the 1820s) that "it is impossible for a foreign nation to retain the Government"—why, then we shall go. That—more suitably expressed—became more and more the official doctrine and we Britons can point with pride to Ghana and Jamaica, though we keep the eyes averted from Cyprus or Guiana.

My definition of colonialism? Well, the kind of colony I am thinking of is not a colony of bees, nor the American colony in Paris. I am not thinking of the Indian colonization of Indonesia or East Africa. I am not thinking of strategic points for defense, of which I understand there are some in the Pacific as well as in the Mediterranean. I regard as typical the kind of dependency which has already become independent, like India and Ghana, or which will soon, like Malaya, Nigeria, and the West Indies. And so I would define British colonialism as: "The process of assuming power in a foreign country and irritating the inhabitants until they insist on your going away." I would add that in British experience the traditional means of irritation have been teaching them to vote, building them railways, and preventing them from killing each other. But the most up-to-date dictionaries need several riders to this definition. Today one can commit colonialism without assuming political power, while to the list of irritants must be added lending money, expecting an agreement to be honored, or using an international waterway. It is colonialism in the latest dictionary to extract oil from the deserts of the Middle East or supply arms to Pakistan. It is not colonialism to shoot Hungarians or supply arms to Egypt, and nothing is colonialism that is done in Central Asia to Uzbegs or Turcomans.

COMMUNISM AND SOCIALISM

Mr. Strachey, a Member of the House of Commons (Labour) for many years and member of many governments, including Churchill's wartime coalition, is perhaps the most powerful theorist in Britain's Labour Party. He is the author of many studies on economic and political questions, of which the most famous is "The Coming Struggle for Power."

By JOHN STRACHEY

ACCORDING to definition by use, I should say that the word "Communism" has come to stand for the type of dictatorial or totalitarian régime characteristically based upon the rule of a single political party, such as exists in Russia and China and in the states of Eastern Europe. It is true, of course, that there are variations in these régimes. The Chinese régime is evidently by no means the exact replica of the Russian régime, either in its economy or its policy. The Yugoslav régime is not unlike the original model in its political aspect, but its economy is very considerably less centralized.

A much more striking variation appears to be developing in Poland. I was in Warsaw throughout the "October Days" last autumn and saw

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the foundation of the new Polish régime of Mr. Gomulka at first hand. It is, of course, impossible within the scope of this note to discuss the real character of what is emerging in Poland; but it is already possible, I suggest, to say that while the new Polish régime has inevitably (because of its geographical position) achieved a smaller degree of national independence from Russia than Yugoslavia, yet it has on the other hand achieved a very much greater degree of internal liberalization.

I think most people would call Gomulka's Poland Communism, but it is certainly Communism of a markedly different kind from any of the previous Communist régimes. There are elements in it of democracy as we understand that word in the West. There are even possibilities, faint as yet but extremely interesting, of the development of genuine rival political parties, and there is a considerably greater degree of freedom of speech and of toleration of non-conformity than has hitherto been thought compatible with a contemporary Communist régime. Whether all these interesting phenomena will develop or be again suppressed is, of course, an open question; but if they do develop the world will have to decide whether what Poland becomes is a Communist régime in the accepted sense of the word or not. She may become a border-line case by which the definition of twentieth-century Communist societies can be tested.

Having given this definition by use, we ought, of course, at the same time to notice that, under it, the word Communism has been made to stand for something which is almost opposite to the original meaning of the word. The word Communism, traditionally, means a state of society in which the element of coercion has been eliminated instead of vastly increased. To More as to Marx, it meant the vision of a society which was stateless as well as classless: in which all associations of citizens both for productive purposes and for all other purposes were purely voluntary, and in which equalitarianism had been taken to the point where the distribution of the national income could be based upon the principle of "from each according to his abilities and to each according to his needs."

What, on the other hand, has the word socialism come to mean in the 1950s? I think that, on the whole, most people use the term to mean the kind of political ideology and program which is preached and practised by, for instance, a democratic socialist party such as the Labour Party in Britain. This is a much looser concept than that of Communism—and none the worse, in my opinion, for that. As we members of the Labour Party understand the term, socialism, in this sense of contemporary democratic socialism, means using the highly developed democratic institutions of such communities as Britain to remold both the economy and polity of our nation along certain broadly defined lines, testing each step empirically and halting, retracing, or correcting that step whenever necessary. It involves the extension of the public ownership, in one form or another, to many large-scale industrial and productive enterprises within the community; but no one knows, or pretends to know, how far it will prove useful and beneficial to push that process. It involves the fairly drastic redistribution of the disposable personal income of the community in a direction markedly more equalitarian than *laisser-faire* economic laws, if left to themselves, would be likely to produce. Such redistribution has been effected partly by taxation, partly by trade-union pressure and other means.

Again, democratic socialism implies an overall public control of the economy so that it is made to function, not as under *laisser-faire* capitalism to maximise the profitability of the means of production, but so as to suit the wishes of the majority of the community, as expressed through democratic political process. I think it would be true to say that most, though not all, democratic socialists envisage the pushing of this type of program towards, at least, the elimination of unearned income derived from the ownership of property. They do not, of course, envisage an equalization of earned income.

However, most democratic socialists would, I think, attach less importance to particular objectives than to the principle of making the economy and the polity of their countries conform to what turned out to be the real desires of the majority of the electorate as expressed over the decades through the democratic process. We feel pretty confident that the great mass of British wage-earners, who form a large majority of the British electorate, will, in the long run, and as they become more-and-more conscious of their real interests and aims, wish to modify their country's institutions in the general direction I have tried to suggest above. But we do not pretend to know exactly how far they will want to go, and we do not think that it is particularly important, or useful even, to try and settle the matter now. It will be found out by the experimental process of political democracy.

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THREE ROOM FURNISHED APARTMENT, home professor's widow. Pine-covered hillside, fine views, pool, walks, quiet. 3 miles Belvedere, N. J. Box B-758.

FOR SERIOUS WORK OR LOAFING—weekends or longer—share large 1790 house, studio. Informal, quiet. Near Poconos. Box B-761.

EAST GLOUCESTER, MASS. 3 room furnished apartment, modern kitchen. Sun deck, Harbor view. Near beach. Box B 766.

VERMONT (Manchester area). Modern chalet, secluded hilltop, 3 bedrooms, $400 season. Box B-776.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

WALKER HOMESTEAD in Peacham, Vermont. 8 rooms retaining old farmhouse charm with all conveniences of modern living. 26 acres with ponds and brook. One mile from village on good year-round road. $13,500. Inquire: Town Clerk, Peacham.

PARENTS WITH YOU? Stamford, Connecticut. Eight room house. For parents; living room, 2 bedrooms, bath, serving pantry. For you; 30' living-dining room, view windows, 2 bedrooms, 1½ baths, sun porch, cabinet kitchen, butler's pantry. Expansion attic. Acre, brook. Attached garages. Roxbury school area. $35,000. Box B-760.

TAOS, NEW MEXICO: 4-bedroom ranch type home, swimming pool, 27 acres with orchard and pasture. $25,000. Chilton Anderson, Taos, New Mexico.

For Rent

OLD SIX ROOM STONE HOUSE in rural Hunterdon County, N. J. Fireplaces—terrace—acreage—modern conveniences—oil heat for year-round living—good commuting. Will consider exchange for 2 bedroom apartment Greenwich Village (NYC) area. Box B-746.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

WESTBROOK, CONN. Beach property, will divide. Near Saybrook. Box B-734.

TRAVEL

CARIBBEAN TRAVEL SERVICE. Hotel and air itineraries to fit any budget. Specialists on local information. Wonderful climate for summer vacation only six hours from N.Y. Write air mail. V. E. B. Nicholson & Sons, Box 103, Antigua, BWI.

CRUISE ABOARD YOUR OWN YACHT. Refreshing summer trade wind climate, cool and calm. Windward and Leeward Islands. Well appointed vessels. Write air mail for details. Commander Vernon Nicholson, Box 103, Antigua, BWI.

P.S.—EUROPE '57? Can you afford $12 per day for your vacation? That's all you pay on our escorted Budget Tour of 9 major countries including hotels, meals, sightseeing and deluxe motorcoach. Total land rate for 46 days . . . $520. Specially reserved overseas flights via Pan American, $545. Write or call: ARDEL BUDGET TOURS, 745 Fifth Ave., NYC. ELdorado 5-7696.

VACATIONS

NEVADA SHORE, LAKE TAHOE—beautiful, quiet, informal SKY WATER LODGE, Glenbrook, Nevada. Modifiable American Plan. Russell, Josephine Thayer.

FESTIVAL HOUSE, Lenox, Mass. in the Berkshires. New filtered pool, Hi-Fi, Anthony Toney free art classes, Tanglewood. Phone NYC, TRafalgar 3-5261 or Lenox 367.

NEWPORT BY THE SEA — Furnished apartment, living room, bedroom and kitchen. Also, spacious bedrooms by Day and Weekly rates. Reservations, Milgrim School, Newport, Rhode Island.

SPRING AND SUMMER ON farms and hotels welcoming children. Call LOrraine 8-0700 (NYC).

HOPE FOR LOVING HERMITS (semi-gregarious species) loving peace and quiet, cliffs and sea, forest and moor. Ten miles at sea, the stars for streetlights, the wide horizon beyond all desire. THE ISLAND INN, Monhegan Island, Maine. Open June 15. Advance reservations necessary. Booklet D?

Chamber musicians and artists, beginners to professionals, live, play, work among Vermont's Green Mountains at the GODDARD MUSIC AND ART CENTER with professional musical-artistic staff. Painting, ceramics, jewelry; ensemble groups with strings, woodwinds, piano, voice. Fourth year. July 7-August 25. $55 weekly. Write Box S, Music and Art Center, Goddard College, Plainfield, Vermont.

BERKSHIRE CHALET planned for family vacations. Filtered pool, sumptuous food . . . just everything! Near Tanglewood and Jacobs Pillow. Modest family rates. BROOKSIDE LODGE, Chester 1, Mass.

VACATIONS

SUMMER AT BLUEBERRY HILL. Luculian food. Nothing whatever to do. Brandon, Vermont. The Mastertons.

MAINE RESORT CAMP for all the family. Private island in Casco Bay. Seclusion, relaxation, recreation, boat trips, fine food. $50-$60. Special children's rates. Booklet. CAMP EGGEMOGGIN, Box 27, Brunswick, Maine.

UNIQUE VACATION HIDEAWAY in deep enchanting woods on a truly beautiful lake. Water and other sports, fine food, good music, rustic cottages and cabins. Lodge activities. Plenty to do—or just loaf in an ideal restful setting. We've been here 23 years! Informal, congenial, moderate. Open now to October 13. Low spring and fall rates. Tanglewood concerts, Pillow dance recitals, summer playhouse, jazz festival nearby. CHANTERWOOD, LEE, MASS. Folder S.

POCONOS — Unusual, informal retreat, modern equipped housekeeping units. Family rates. 200 acres, lakes, lawns, lanes. Beautiful swimming pool. Brochure. The Robbins Farm, RD 2, Saylorsburg, Pennsylvania.

YES, WE'RE RIGHT ON A LAKE and only 4 miles from Tanglewood. Holiday Inn on Laurel Lake, Lee, Mass.

WOODHOLME in the Adirondacks—a unique lodge located on Seventh Lake. Good home-cooked food. American Plan, $50 to $54 per week. Write R. W. Keough, Box 357 S, Inlet, N. Y.

WATERFORD, CONN. Will accept weekend paying guests. 1690 house, private beach and cabanas. References. Box B-616.

THE LOG HOUSE, THIRTEENTH LAKE, North River, N.Y. Altitude 2,100 feet. 600 acres midst Adirondack Forest Preserve. Ideal for creative work, loafing, recreation. Cottages. Meals varied and best.

MUSIC INN at LENOX MASS. Close to Tanglewood and Amadeus Mozart. Adjacent to Music Barn and Ethel Waters. Swimming, boating, bicycling, tennis, and the sound of silence, too. Write Stephanie Barber.

OGUNQUIT. Famous Summer vacation center. Smooth, uncrowded beaches, numerous activities. Artists' Colony. Summer Theatre. Shopping Center. Deep-sea fishing, golf, movies. Hotels, guest houses, motels, cottages, restaurants, tea rooms. For information write Publicity Bureau, Ogunquit 15, Maine.

GREEN SHADOWS, Old Lyme, Connecticut. Quiet informal country life, good food, comfortable beds.

KANDAHAR LODGE, MANCHESTER, VERMONT. Beautiful vacationland 2,000 feet high midst the Green Mountain National Forest. Restful, informal, congenial companions. Private swimming, Sports. Excellent food and accommodations. Folder.

COLONIAL CHARM midst wooded Litchfield Hills. Trout stream. Casual, intimate; Luscious food. Swimming pool—horses, golf, lakes nearby. Country auctions, summer theatre. LEWIS & MARY FISHER, Bantam, Conn.

LIKE THE COUNTRY? Come to Graymont, a colonial farmhouse. Good food. R.D. 2, Middlebury, Vermont.

STONEGATE LODGE on Long Lake, N. Y. Informal Adult Resort. Concert Trio. Folk-Square Dances. Crafts. Tennis. Golf. Motor Boating. CIrcle 6-6386 (NYC).

ARTISTS, WRITERS, THOUGHTFUL PEOPLE find relaxation in quiet Cape Cod seaport village. Beach. Beautiful harbor view, shore drives. Summer theaters accessible. Rates from $10 A.P. Booklet. BREAKWATER HOTEL, Woods Hole, Massachusetts.

HARRISON, MAINE—RELAX at Hotel Harrison and Cabins on Long Lake. Pine woods. All sports. Superb Jewish-American cuisine. Rates from $59. Booklet, C. B. Wax, Manager, Box 81.

WINHALL MOUNTAIN LODGE, relax amid scenic splendor, charming alpine hostelry, Epicurean food. South Londonderry, Vermont.

WANTED — CONTENTMENT? Come to Mansfield Farm in the mountains. Elevation 1,500 feet. Gardens, 18th Century charm with modern conveniences. Londonderry, Vermont.

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"I wish I was dead!"

Terrible words to come from the lips of a little child . . .

SHOCKING, isn't it? But the little girl was simply expressing what countless thousands of other children feel . . . the forgotten children of the city slums, compelled to live in a world of dark hallways and filth-littered alleys, of rancid garbage smells and nameless fears. They sleep in musty rooms, sometimes three or four in a single bed. They are hungry so often that the ache has become habit. They see and hear things that no child should be permitted to see or hear.

For these children the worst time of all is the summer. Then the air is most poisonous with exhaust fumes and fetid smells. Tempers are shortest in the stifling heat. Wailing babies, blaring radios, the din of traffic fill the days and nights. The slum child is trapped between the sweltering walls of his tenement and the blazing street.

But every year, up at Nyack on the Hudson, there is a refuge for many of these children . . . a pleasant haven high on a hill where they may escape for two glorious weeks. Here they romp on wide green lawns among tall, shady trees . . . they take hikes through the woods . . . they go swimming in a beautiful modern pool. They eat nourishing meals three times a day. They sleep in their own beds, between clean, cool sheets.

Mont Lawn offers these children a real vacation from the heat and dirt of the slums . . . and it does more. Friendly, sympathetic counselors prove to them that not all adults are to be distrusted and feared. In the interdenominational chapel they learn of God's love. For most of these children, Mont Lawn is an experience that may spell the difference between a lifetime of poverty, bitterness, and even crime . . . and a happy, useful future guided by God.

This summer there are hundreds of children still waiting to go to Mont Lawn. Unless we receive immediate help, many of these children will not be able to go. The very tot in the picture is typical of these unfortunates . . . condemned to go on staring hopelessly at a world they have reason to hate, not only throughout the long, hot, weary summer months . . . but perhaps for the rest of their lives! Two weeks at Mont Lawn could make such a world of difference . . . but some one must make it possible.

Will *you* be the one to send a child such as this away from the slums for two weeks? Just $35 will pay the entire cost, but even the smallest contribution will help. Remember, one of these little ones is depending on your kindness. Mail your contribution now!

$500.00 *endows a bed in perpetuity*
$35.00 *gives a child two weeks at Mont Lawn*
$17.50 *pays for one week* • **$3.00** *pays for one day*

CHRISTIAN HERALD CHILDREN'S HOME
BUSINESS OFFICE: 27 EAST 39TH STREET, ROOM 632
NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

Yes, I want to help some poor child spend two wonderful and inspiring weeks in God's outdoors. Here is my gift of $.....
(I understand that the Christian Herald Children's Home is a completely non-profit organization, and my contribution is fully tax-deductible on my income tax return.)

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1211

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Private secretary to Woodrow Wilson, as governor and president.	184 194 33 111 21 153 123
B. Methods of exploitation for money, often involving violence.	191 12 47 173 100 110 53
C. Subdued color; low state of health.	20 79 127 72 163 107 116 133 87
D. What Oscar Wilde said is the only thing a poet cannot survive.	84 52 169 11 139 176 58 186
E. The sword of St. George.	128 172 182 159 13 126 3
F. Not anybody at all (2 wds.).	157 198 70 5 202
G. General appearance.	19 17 188 27 115 138 82 4 162 46
H. Great northernmost county of Maine.	14 95 120 89 88 175 63 66 61
I. Declare openly or freely.	93 112 55 18 190 135 147
J. Exceeding due limits.	31 57 101 48 148 6 25 125 34 71
K. Deity inhabiting large forest plant (comp.).	158 199 43 113 167 200 9
L. Edible.	49 40 193 26 149 121 65

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. Cavity usually rectangular into which some part fits.	96 150 179 68 60 10 108
N. Relating to one side of a subject.	151 117 78 29 8 50 81 24 97 59
O. With barbarous, inhuman cruelty.	185 83 131 174 166 30 1 77
P. One word describing rhododendron, holly, pachysandra, etc.	51 137 74 39 178 7 168 155 181
Q. Forcemeat.	91 22 165 90 32 144 129 118
R. Distaste for social intercourse.	76 85 143 28 141 171 64 170 154 103 45
S. Exercising sovereign power.	189 37 195 94 180 42 201 105 145 80
T. Mexican dish featuring chili.	136 54 75 69 156 122 102 36 114
U. Slang for a clever imitation (comp.).	105 183 142 38 67 197
V. A hedgehog.	134 104 119 161 41 92 164
W. In music, a sharp, flat or natural not called for in the signature.	192 44 109 132 35 16 177 56 140 86
X. Remember with sorrow.	160 196 146 98 2 152
Y. Any plant, species *Lemna*.	73 23 15 99 124 62 187 130

1 O	2 X	3 E	4 G	5 F	6 J	7 P	8 N	9 K	10 M	■	11 D	12 B	13 E	14 H	15 Y	16 W
■	17 G	18 I	■	19 G	20 C	21 A	22 Q	23 Y	24 N	25 J	■	26 L	■	27 G	28 R	29 N
30 O	■	31 J	32 Q	■	33 A	34 J	35 W	36 T	37 R	38 U	39 P	40 L	41 V	42 S	43 K	■
44 W	45 R	46 G	47 B	48 J	49 L	50 N	51 P	■	52 D	53 B	■	54 T	55 I	56 W	■	57 J
58 D	59 N	60 M	61 H	62 Y	■	63 H	64 R	65 L	■	66 H	67 U	■	68 M	69 T	70 F	71 J
72 C	■	73 Y	74 P	75 T	76 R	77 O	78 N	79 C	80 S	■	81 N	82 G	83 O	84 D	85 R	86 W
87 C	88 H	■	89 H	90 Q	■	91 Q	92 V	93 I	94 S	95 H	96 M	97 N	98 X	99 Y	100 B	101 J
■	102 T	103 R	104 V	105 U	106 S	107 C	108 M	109 W	110 B	111 A	112 I	113 K	■	114 T	115 G	116 C
117 N	118 Q	■	119 V	120 H	121 L	122 T	123 A	124 Y	125 J	126 E	127 C	■	128 E	129 Q	130 Y	■
131 O	132 W	133 C	134 V	■	135 I	136 T	137 P	138 G	139 D	140 W	141 R	■	142 U	143 R	144 Q	145 S
146 X	147 I	■	148 J	149 L	150 M	151 N	152 X	■	153 A	154 R	155 P	■	156 T	157 F	158 K	159 E
160 X	161 V	162 G	163 C	■	164 V	165 Q	166 O	167 K	168 P	169 D	170 R	■	171 R	■	172 E	173 B
174 O	175 H	176 D	177 W	178 P	■	179 M	180 S	181 P	182 E	■	183 U	184 A	185 O	■	186 D	187 Y
188 G	189 R	190 I	191 B	192 W	193 L	194 A	195 S	196 X	■	197 U	198 F	199 K	■	200 K	201 S	202 F

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 7 of this issue.

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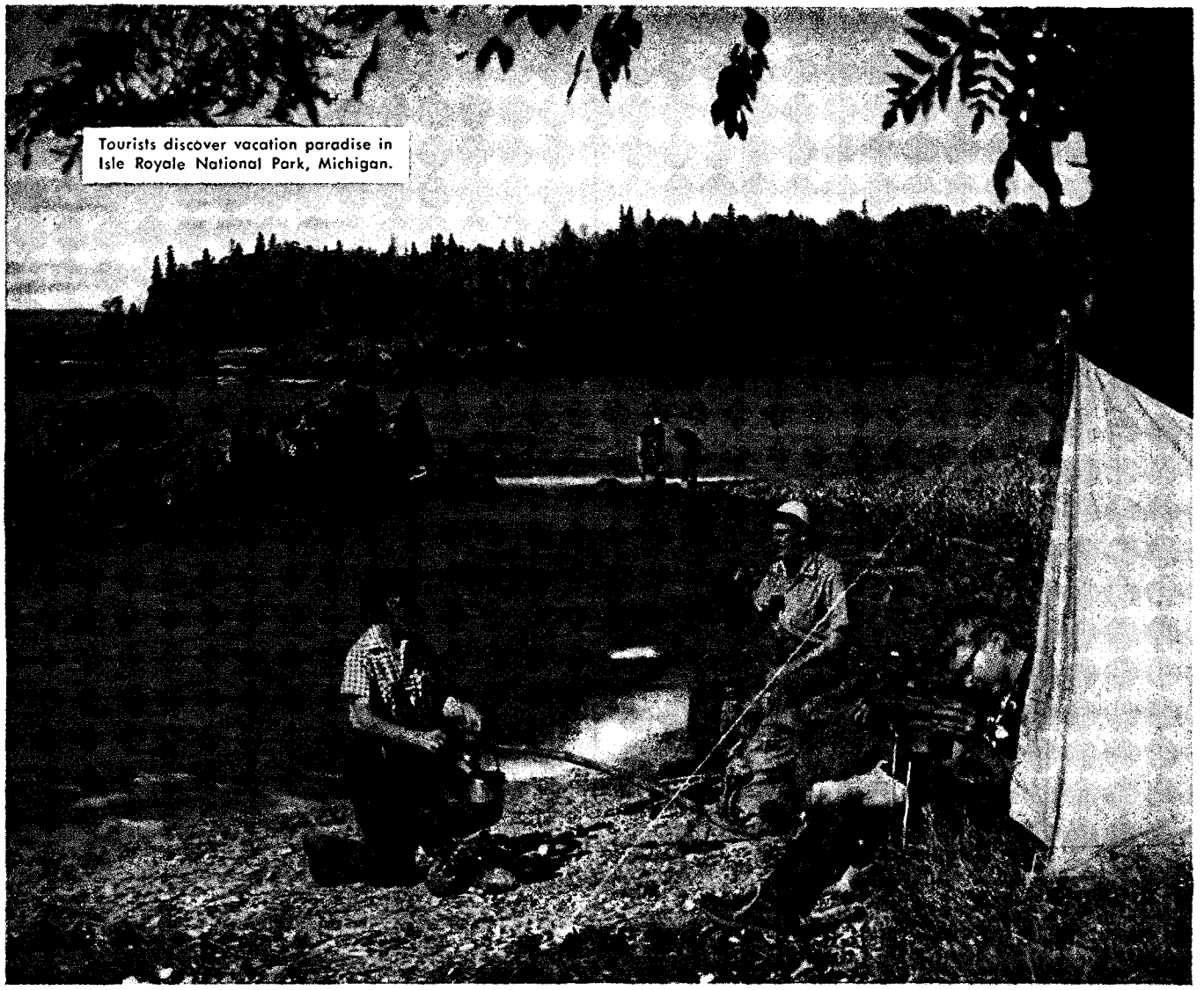

Tourists discover vacation paradise in Isle Royale National Park, Michigan.

This is the Michigan island Ben Franklin gave to you...

It was named Isle Royale by French explorers when they staked first claim to this 210-square-mile island wilderness in Lake Superior. But, according to legend, Ben Franklin, with his interest in electricity, wanted the island and its copper deposits for the United States. At the peace conference following the Revolution he got it.

Today, as Isle Royale National Park, this primeval vacationland, off the northernmost coast of Michigan, belongs to you. There are quiet lakes where you can land a battling pike or watch a bull moose take his early morning drink. More than 80 miles of foot trails lead through lush forest where 36 species of orchids grow wild and undisturbed. You can see 500,000,000-year-old rock formations and the relics of prehistoric Indians. You can take sight-seeing cruises along the craggy shore beneath towering cliffs, camp in unspoiled wilderness, swim in clear, cold streams.

The copper mines at Isle Royale have long since been abandoned, but thousands of Americans every year find even greater riches in its unique vacation resources. When you go there you'll probably agree that Ben got himself . . . and you . . . a bargain.

FREE Tour Information

If you would like to visit Isle Royale, or drive anywhere in the U.S.A., let us help plan your trip. Write: Tour Bureau, Sinclair Oil Corporation, 600 Fifth Ave., New York 20, N. Y. — also ask for our colorful National Parks Map.

SINCLAIR SALUTES THE MICHIGAN UNITED CONSERVATION CLUBS . . . a statewide organization of 60,000 members in 295 clubs, for advancing conservation in all its phases. Since 1937, the MUCC has been dedicated to protecting the natural resources — woods, waters, wildlife and the great outdoors of Michigan. By keeping constant watch over the State's conservation program, it safeguards for the citizens of today and generations to come a great wealth of scenic wonders and outdoor recreation facilities.

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